# The Lesser Hymnal.

Jno. E. Rickards
1875

THE

# LESSER HYMNAL.

A Collection of Hymns, selected chiefly from the Standard Hymn-Book

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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# OFFICIAL SANCTION.

ACTION OF THE BOOK COMMITTEE.

*Resolved*, That we recommend the Book Agents to publish a small collection of hymns, mostly from our Hymn Book, for use in Sunday-schools and in Social Worship.

W. H. HUNTER, *President*.
M. J. TALBOT, *Secretary*.

*Feb.* 11, 1875.

ACTION OF THE AGENTS.

In compliance with the above resolution of the Book Committee, we requested Rev. H. W. Warren, D.D., to select the hymns, and Eben Tourjée, Mus. Dr., to edit the musical department, of the accompanying work.

NELSON & PHILLIPS.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Hymns in our Standard Hymn Book are not only doctrinal, but unusually expressive of strong devotional feelings, and of the fullest and richest spiritual experiences. They are as profitable for devotional reading as for private and public worship. This Collection could have no higher commendation than is furnished by the fact that the Hymns are mainly selected from our official Hymn Book; and I think, selected with good taste and judgment. It is of the very first importance that the children in our Sunday-schools should know the Hymns in common use in our public worship. This will prepare them to join in the singing in our social meetings, and to take part in the devotional services of the sanctuary. It will be an incentive to them to attend public worship, because they will be prepared to share in its exercises. These Hymns will furnish them with sentiments and spiritual songs that will be useful to them in hours of penitence, of temptation, of adversity, of religious joy, of closet devotion, and when dying. O! how different from those flippant, sentimental, semi-religious songs used in so many of our Sunday-schools! The importance of having the same hymns generally used at our family altars, in our Sunday-schools, and in our public congregations, cannot well be over estimated. This Collection, published by the Book Agents upon the recommendation of the Book Committee, by its cheapness, by the skill with which it has been compiled, and by its simple music, provides admirably for meeting this great desideratum, not by superseding our general Hymn Book, but by leading to its higher appreciation and more general use.

E. S. JANES.

# PREFACE.

## Explanatory.

The object of this book is manifold:—

1. To aid in giving unity to the Church, Social Meeting, and Sunday-School. The Sunday-school pupil should not find the Social and Church Singing an unknown realm. "Ariel," "Harwell," "Coronation," "Almost Persuaded," and a hundred other ringing or tender tunes, are as appropriate for the Sunday-school as for any other assembly. The glorious old hymns of the ages should vibrate through every department of the Church, and the vivid, vital hymns of faith that have been born of latter-day Pentecosts, that have thrilled camp-meetings, love-feasts, and prayer-meetings, should spread both ways into Church and Sunday-school. Then the child and the oldest saint will feel at home in every department.

2. To put, at the lowest possible price, a large variety of sterling standard hymns, unaltered and unabridged, whose meaning is well understood and approved, within the reach of all.

3. To suggest a great variety of tunes, both old and new. Leaders are apt to fall into the habit of using a very limited number of tunes, to the great detriment of spirited singing. To print this great variety in our limits would be impossible. We have, therefore, given the melody, or a part of it where it is well known, of over two hundred tunes, and referred, for the convenience of the organist, to the page in the Tribute of Praise where the harmony is to be found. The hymn will usually be found in the "Tribute" associated with the first tune mentioned. The first number given refers in each case to the melody at the back part of the book.

We beg the leaders of song to sing ideas as well as sound. Talk *briefly* about a hymn before it is sung. For example, quote a passage of Scripture containing the same idea; quote an omitted verse of the hymn, as the second of Hymn 159:—

> "Thou art coming to a King:
> Large petitions with thee bring;
> For his grace and love are such,
> Thou canst never ask too much."

Possibly for just once you might take the liberty of reversing the first two and last two lines of the last verse of Hymn 75, so closing in glory instead of the grave. Recall incidents, and thus fill old, familiar words with new power. A hint of what we wish is given in the specimen notes appended to a few of the hymns.

Also, express feelings as well as ideas. Take two tunes, if necessary, to express the different parts of one hymn. For example, the first double verse of No. 43 may be sung to "Windham" in E Minor, and the rest to "Duke Street" in E Major. See No. 322 for another example. Children catch the idea with surprising quickness. If a hymn is a prayer, as Hymn 335, the school may pray it with closed eyes and uplifted hands.

Do not be afraid to repeat a hymn and tune that is found to be full of grace and power. Awakened patriotism never tires of "Marching Along," "God Save the Queen," or "The Marseillaise;" nor awakened piety of the "Doxology."

EBEN TOURJÉE. HENRY W. WARREN.

NOTE.—A cornet, properly played, is a most admirable, inspiriting, and scriptural instrument to lead the singing of a multitude of voices.

*Important.*—1. Where an organ is used, let the melody be given out on the great organ, with loud stops, and the harmony on the swell or choir organ.

2. At the conclusion of the prelude, let the full harmony be begun on the great organ.

3. The last note of each line should be sustained whenever the musical structure of the tunes will admit.

4. Interludes should not be played between the verses, but the pedal note may be continued.

5. Pipe organs are almost a necessity for effective singing.

6. Every voice should sing the melody.

7. Sing familiar tunes for worship. Learn new pieces at Praise meetings.

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# HYMNS.

## INTRODUCTORY.

**1** (1) C. M.

*Northfield, 80:* T.P. 55. *Marlow, 76:* T.P. 57.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 He speaks,—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice:
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

**2** (2) S. M.

*St. Thomas, 123:* T.P. 120.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

**3** (4) C. M.

*Devizes, 65:* T.P. 64. *Peterboro', 84:* T.P. 67.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

**4** (5) L. M.

*Rockingham, 31:* T.P. 18.

COME, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

2 His sovereign power our bodies made;
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinn'd, he bled,
To save us from eternal death.

3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love;
Bound every heart with rapt'rous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

**5** (8) 87, 87.

*Harwell, 156:* T.P. 163. *Wilmot, 159:* T.P. 164.

HARK! the notes of angels, singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3 Fill'd with holy emulation,
We unite with those above:
Sweet the theme—a free salvation—
Fruit of everlasting love.

4 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

6 (9) 4 *lines* 7s.
*Nuremberg, 146:* T.P. 143.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

7 (11) L. M.
*Old Hundred, 25:* T.P. 28.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

**8** (12) S. M.

*Silver Street, 120:* T.P. 123.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

**9** (16) L. M.

*Old Hundred, 25:* T.P. 28.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## 10 (18) 10s & 11s

*Lyons, 177:* T.P. 182.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

## 11 (20) L. M.

*Luton, 19:* T.P. 50. *Duke Street, 7:* T.P. 42.

SERVANTS of God! in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise.
His glorious Name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be that Name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving Name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

**12** (24) 4 6s & 2 8s.

*Lenox, 136:* T.P. 136.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are;
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! thou, God our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet

4 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From humble, contrite souls:
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

**13** (26) L. M.

*Bridgewater, 4:* T.P. 5. *Ames, 2:* T.P. 3.

GREAT GOD, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

5 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

**14** (27) L. M.

*Old Hundred, 25:* T.P. 28.

ETERNAL POWER, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds:

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings:
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

## 15 (29) C. M.

*Azmon, 50:* T.P. 71.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart:
And let thy Gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In bliss beyond the skies.

## 16 (33) L. M.

*Uxbridge, 39:* T.P. 25.

NOT here, as to the prophet's eye,
The Lord upon his throne appears;
Nor seraph-tongues responsive cry,
Holy! thrice holy! in our ears:—

2 Yet God is present in this place,
Veil'd in serener majesty;
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That faith alone such light can see

3 Nor, as he in the temple taught,
Is Christ within these walls reveal'd,
When blind, and deaf, and dumb were brought,
Lepers and lame—and all were heal'd:—

4 Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
And hear from him the joyful sound.

**17** (35) S. M.

*Laban, 111:* T.P. 113.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove:
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art,
But O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

## 18 (36) 6 *lines* 8s.

*St. Stephens, 128:* T.P. 128. *St. Petersburg, 129:* T.P. 130.

LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

## 19 (38) C. M.

*Christmas, 58:* T.P. 92. *Peterboro', 84:* T.P. 67.

ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.

## 20 (39) C. M.

*Christmas, 58:* T.P. 92. *Marlow, 76:* T.P. 57.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has call'd his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast call'd thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

## 21 (43) 87, 87, 47.

*Zion, 158:* T.P. 158.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear:
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,—
Full and pure, forever more.

## 22 (48) C. M.

*Zerah, 96:* T.P. 95. *Arlington, 49:* T.P. 98.

COME, thou Desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise;
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies.

3 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Now, Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,—
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

**23** (57) 4 *lines* 7s.

*Ludwig*, T.P. 289. *Pleyel's Hymn, 147:* T.P. 144.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

**24** (61) C. M.

*Dundee, 66:* T.P. 62.

LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam peace into each heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when with heart and voice we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with praise.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we 'll review;
With love divine, transported, tell—
Thou, God, art Father too!

## THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

*Lenox, 136:* T.P. 136. *Lischer, 137:* T.P. 138.

**25** (77) 4 6s & 2 8s.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4 And will this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend;—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his Name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

## 26 (78) L. M.

*Luton, 19:* T.P. 50. *Uxbridge, 39:* T.P. 25.

COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his Name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

## 27 (83) C. M.

*Mear, 77:* T.P. 75.

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they 're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

## 28 (89) C. M.

*Manoah, 75:* T.P. 286. *Naomi, 79:* T.P. 60.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distress'd,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

## 29 (91) C. M.

*Barny, 53:* T.P. 76. *Marlow, 76:* T.P. 57.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill:
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy Name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet:

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

## INCARNATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

**30** (114) 87, 87.

*Wilmot, 164:* T.P. 164.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:—
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!

**31** (118) C. M.

*Antioch, 48:* T.P. 96. *Coronation, 61:* T.P. 86.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,—
The Saviour, promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the pris'ner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

## 32 (126) 76, 76, 76, 76.

*Missionary Hymn, 171:* T.P. 174.

HAIL, to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,—
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,—
Their darkness turn to light,—
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:

Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

## SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST.

**33** (129) C. M.

*Stephens, 87:* T.P. 79. *St. Martin, 88:* T.P. 54.

COME, Holy Ghost, inspire our songs
With thine immortal flame;
Enlarge our hearts, unloose our tongues,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 How great the riches of his grace!
He left his throne above,
And, swift to save our ruin'd race,
He flew on wings of love.

3 Now pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich abundance flow,
For guilty rebels, dead in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

4 The' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our low abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd the' incarnate God.

5 Renew our souls with heavenly strength,
That we may fully prove
The height, and depth, and breadth, and length
Of such transcendent love.

## 34 (130) C. M.

*Dundee, 66:* T.P. 62.

AND did the Holy and the Just,—
The Sov'reign of the skies,—
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 To dwell with mis'ry here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For sinful man—O wondrous grace!—
For sinful man he bled.

5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

## 35 (131) C. M.

*Stephens, 87:* T.P. 79. *St. Martin, 88:* T.P. 54.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

## 36 (132) S. M.

*Olmutz, 115:* T.P. 116.

OUR sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

2 To save a world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

**37** (133) 6 *lines* 8s.

*St. Petersburg, 129:* T.P. 130. *And can it be, 125:* T.P. 255.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
The' incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,—
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood,
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

**38** (134) C. M.

*Communion, 59:* T.P. 88. *Balerma, 52:* T.P. 89.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,—
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom 's paid!
Receive my soul! he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he 'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

## 39 (135) L. M.

*Federal Street, 12:* T.P. 16.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspire to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,—
These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veil'd his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye:
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O, let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.

## 40 (142) 87, 87, 47.

*Zion, 157:* T.P. 158. *Sicily, 156:* T.P. 157.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky,
It is finish'd:—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord;
It is finish'd:—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
It is finish'd:—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

## 41 (145) L. M.

*St. Cross, 5:* T.P. 35. *Ward, 40:* T.P. 34.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.*

## 42 (146) C. M.

*Alas! and did, 203:* T.P. 225. *Communion, 59:* T.P. 88.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

* This and No. 214 are thought to be Watts' finest hymns.

## RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF JESUS CHRIST.

**43** (148) L. M.

*Duke Street, 7:* T.P. 42.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

**44** (149) C. M.

*Melody, 78:* T.P. 72. *Peterboro', 84:* T.P. 67.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

## 45 (151) S. M.

*Lisbon, 113:* T.P. 125.

THE Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear:—

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

## PRIESTHOOD AND INTERCESSION OF JESUS CHRIST.

**46** (163) C. M.

*Mear, 77:* T.P. 75. *Evan, 69:* T.P. 81.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruiséd reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

**47** (165) L. M.

*Russia,* T.P. 22. *Hamburg, 15:* T.P. 6.

JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,—

2 If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,—
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain:
My fulness of corruption show;
The knowledge of myself bestow.

4 Save me from death; from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee:
My life, my only heaven thou art;—
O might I feel thee in my heart.

## 48 (170) C. M.

*Phuvah, 85:* T.P. 100. *Dundee, 66:* T.P. 62.

JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die;
And now he reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.

2 Weak though we are, he still is near,
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient Friend.

3 From his high throne in bliss, he deigns
Our every prayer to heed;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.

4 And from his love's exhaustless spring,
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing.
O'er which we travel home.

5 O Jesus, there is none like thee,
Our Saviour and our Lord;
Through earth and heaven exalted be,
Beloved, obey'd, adored.

## 49 (174) L. M.

*Missionary Chant, 23:* T.P. 40.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,—
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,—
Who died for me, e'en me to' atone,—
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

## 50 (175) C. M.

*Coronation, 61:* T.P. 86.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

**51** (176) S. M.

*Golden Hill, 108:* T.P. 103. *Dennis, 103:* T.P. 102.

ENTHRONED is Jesus now,
Upon his heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.

2 In shining white they stand,—
A great and countless throng;
A palmy sceptre in each hand,
On every lip a song.

3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem.

4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

**52** (177) 4 6s & 2 8s.

*Lenox, 136:* T.P. 136. *Prospect, 138:* T.P. 140.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,—
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy Name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
The guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conquëror and King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing:
Thine is the power; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

## 53 (178) 87, 87, 87, 87.

*Adoration, 153:* T.P. 159. *Nettleton, 159:* T.P. 161.

HAIL, thou once despiséd Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

**54** (181) L. M.

*Forest, 13:* T.P. 41. *Missionary Chant, 23:* T.P. 40.

LORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,—
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

2 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,—
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

3 If every one that asks may find,—
If still thou dost on sinners fall,—
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

4 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

## 55 (185) C. M.

*Peterboro', 84:* T.P. 67.

GREAT SPIRIT, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
All gloom and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
With joy we then shall feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

## 56 (187) 4 *lines* 7s.

*Nuremberg, 146:* T.P. 143.

GRACIOUS SPIRIT—Love divine!
Let the light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

## 57 (191) C. M.

*Devizes, 65:* T.P. 64. *St. Martin, 88:* T.P. 54.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,—
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

## 58 (193) C. M.

*Devizes, 65:* T.P. 64. *Marlow, 76:* T.P. 57.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,—
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

**59** (195) L. M.

*Uxbridge, 39:* T.P. 25. *Migdol, 21:* T.P. 24.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

**60** (201) 10, 10, 11, 11.

*Lyons, 177:* T.P. 182.

ALL glory and praise to Jesus our Lord,
So plenteous in grace, so true to his word;
To us he hath given the gift from above,—
The earnest of heaven, the Spirit of love.

2 The truth of our God we boldly assert;
His love shed abroad, and power in our heart,
Ye all may inherit, on Jesus who call;
The gift of his Spirit is proffer'd to all.

3 His witness within, by faith we receive,
And, ransom'd from sin, in righteousness live;
Through Jesus's passion we gladly possess
A present salvation,—a kingdom of peace.

4 The peace and the power, ye sinners, embrace,
And look for the shower,—the Spirit of grace;
The gift and the Giver we all may receive,
Forever and ever within us to live.

## CHRISTIAN WORK.

**61** (212) S. M.

*Ewer, 106:* T.P. 286. *Mornington, 114:* T.P. 106.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

## 62 (219) C. M.

*Coronation, 61:* T.P. 86.

JESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,—
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,—
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry,—Behold the Lamb!

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!*

* Gloriously realized by the author, Charles Wesley, March 29, 1788.

**63** (233) 87, 87, 87, 87.
*Wilmot, 164:* T.P. 164. *Harwell,* T.P. 163.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud Hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

**64** (234) L. M.
*Duke Street, 7:* T.P. 42. *Truro, 38:* T.P. 49.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,—
No longer in thy sins lie down:
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliv'rer calls,—Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

## 65 (236) 87, 87, 47.

*Zion, 157:* T.P. 158.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,—
What a favour'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

## 66 (237) S. M.

*Concord, 102:* T.P. 124. *Boylston, 101:* T.P. 105.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## THE SABBATH.

## 67 (243) L. M.

*Pilesgrove, 27:* T.P. 31. *Hebron, 16:* T.P. 30.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

## 68 (249) S. M.

*St. Thomas, 123:* T.P. 120.

HAIL to the Sabbath-day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God:—

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

## 69 (251) L. M.

*Miller, 22:* T.P. 10. *Hamburg, 15:* T.P. 6.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs from which thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

## PROMISES AND PROVISIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

## 70 (285) C. M.

*Northfield, 80:* T.P. 55. *St. Martin, 88;* T.P. 54.

THE gospel! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

3 The' almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wond'ring eyes,
And hail the' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,—
Thy fulness I implore.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

## 71 (286) S. M.

*Athol, 97:* T.P. 126. *St. Thomas, 133:* T.P. 120.

WHAT majesty and grace
Through all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his throne on high,
The mighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The debt that sinners owed,
Upon the cross he pays:
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There our High Priest appears,
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

5 Great Sov'reign, we adore
Thy justice and thy grace,
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

## 72 (287) L. M.

*Seasons, 34:* T.P. 15. *Ward, 40:* T.P. 34.

HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be forever blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

## 73 (288) S. M.

*Dennis, 103:* T.P. 102.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

## 74 (289) C. M.

*St. Martin, 88:* T.P. 54.

HOW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine;
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,—
Those crowns which Jesus gave,—
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The suff'rings which he bore;
How low he stoop'd, how high he rose,—
And rose to stoop no more.

4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

## 75 (290) C. M.

*Cowper, 62:* T.P. 58. *Cleansing Fountain, 197:* T.P. 233.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

## 76 (291) C. M.

*Cambridge, 56:* T.P. 66.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

## 77 (292) L. M.

*Rockingham, 31:* T.P. 18.

OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he 'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he 'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given:
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

## 78 (294) C. M.

*Howard, 72:* T.P. 94. *Cambridge, 56:* T.P. 66.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!—
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

## 79 (296) C. M.

*Ortonville, 82:* T.P. 52.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace:

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

## 80 (297) L. M.

*Duane Street, 6:* T.P. 11. *Hebron, 16:* T.P. 30.

HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows the Saviour died for me!
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,—
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,—
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

## 81 (298) C. M.

*Arlington, 49:* T.P. 98.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forever more.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,—
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

## 82 (300) 4 6s & 2 8s.

*Lenox, 136:* T.P. 136.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,—
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

## 83 (301) C. M.

*Coronation, 61:* T.P. 86.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:—

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

## 84 (306) 4 6s & 2 8s.

*Lenox, 136:* T.P. 136. *Lischer, 137:* T.P. 138.
*Darwell, 135:* T.P. 139.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at, his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,—
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all:
For all, my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

## 85 (307) C. M.

*Hymn, 73:* T.P. 80. *Arlington, 49:* TP. 98.
*Evan, 69:* T.P. 81.

WHAT shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove
And depth, of sov'reign grace?

2 Thy sov'reign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.

3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity:—
So wide it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.

4 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But, far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.

5 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

## 86 (311) S. M.

*Olmutz, 115:* T.P. 116.

HOW helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew:—

3 The passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

## 87 (313) C. M.

*Balerma, 52:* T.P. 89. *Tollis, 89:* T.P. 91.

GOD is in this and every place;
But O, how dark and void
To me!—'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,—
Till he his glorious self reveals,—
The veil is on my heart.

3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye;
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

## 88 (321) L. M.

*Sterling, 36:* T.P. 33. *Federal St., 12:* T.P. 16.

JESUS, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words, and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have:
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

## 89 (323) C. M.

*Dundee, 66:* T.P. 62. *Parsons, 83:* T.P. 63.

HOW sad our state by nature is;
Our sin, how deep it stains;
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:—
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,—
My Jesus, and my all.

## 90 (324) S. M.

*Aylesbury, 98:* T.P. 117. *Boylston, 101:* T.P. 105.

MY former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins:
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar:—
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But, hark! a friendly whisper says,—
Flee from the wrath to come.

4 With trembling hope, I see
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I 'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

**91** (328) C. M.

*Marlow, 76:* T.P. 57. *Emmons, 68:* T.P. 53.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.*

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

**92** (333) 4 *lines* 7s.

*Pleyel's Hymn, 147:* T.P. 144. *Seymour, 148:* T.P. 289.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

* Written to be sung to quarry-men.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

**93** (334) C. M.

*Mear, 77:* T.P. 75. *China, 57:* T.P. 83.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell·
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

**94** (335) S. M.

*Boylston, 101:* T.P. 105. *Haydn, 109:* T.P. 287.

O WHERE shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
For evermore undone.

## 95 (338) C. M.

*Mear, 77:* T.P. 75. *China, 57:* T.P. 83.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there 's no defence;
His time there 's none can tell;
He 'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

96 (341) 87, 87, 47.

*Greenville.* 154:* T.P. 156. *Turn to the Lord, 199:* T.P. 229.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finish'd!—
Sinners, will not this suffice?

* God has turned this tune of the infidel Rousseau into an instrument of praise.—Psa. lxxvi, 10.

6 Lo! the' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him,—venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

## 97 (343) 6 *lines* 7s.

*Posefield, 139:* T.P. 147. *Toplady, 141:* T.P. 146.

WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss:
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.

## 98 (346) S. M.

*Badea, 99:* T.P. 114. *Kentucky, 110:* T.P. 104.

MY son, know thou the Lord;
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found;
Seek him while he is near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven;
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

## 99 (347) C. M.

*Dundee, 66:* T.P. 62.

LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain;
For you the Saviour spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Sinners, his life for you he paid;
Your basest crimes he bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin 's forgiven.

4 Believe in him who died for thee;
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

**100** (348) L. M

*Bridgewater, 4:* T.P. 5. *Rockingham, 31:* T.P. 18.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:—
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

**101** (350) L. M.

*Ames, 2:* T.P. 3.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready,—come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss, his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready, with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,—
The dead 's alive! the lost is found!

## 102 (351) 6 *lines* 7s.

*Rosefield, 139:* T.P. 147.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravish'd ear:—
Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee,—embrace the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Thou shalt be a child confess'd,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

## 103 (352) L. M.

*Seasons, 34:* T.P. 15. *Hamburg, 15:* T.P. 6.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy,—
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

## 104 (354) C. M.

*Woodland, 95:* T.P. 59.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he 'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

## 105 (355) 8 *lines* 7s.

*Pleyel's Hymn, 147:* T.P. 144. *Martyn, 151:* T.P. 152.

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

## 106 (358) S. M.

*Olmutz, 115:* T.P. 116.

COME, weary sinners, come,
Groaning beneath your load;
The Saviour calls his wand'rers home;
Haste to your pard'ning God.

2 Come, all by guilt oppress'd,
Answer the Saviour's call—
O come, and I will give you rest,
And I will save you all.

3 Redeemer, full of love,
We would thy word obey,
And all thy faithful mercies prove:
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely;
On thee would cast our care;
Now to thine arms of mercy fly
And find salvation there.

## 107 (359) C. M.

*Balerma, 52:* T.P. 89.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close:
I know his courts, I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I 'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I 'll tell him, I 'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

## 108 (360) S. M.

*Aylesbury, 98:* T.P. 117. *Olmutz, 115:* T.P. 116.

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

3 I now believe, in thee,
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

## 109 (367) 87, 87.

*Talmar, 162:* T.P. 165.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,—
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, extend thy wonted favour
To our ruin'd, guilty race;
Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour;
Come, apply thy saving grace.

5 By thine all-atoning merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
By the teachings of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

## 110 (372) · 886, 886.

*Ganges, 132:* T.P. 133. *Meribah, 134:* T.P. 134.

AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,—
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face;
Work in my heart the saving grace;
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief, I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy Name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine;
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt that gracious gift bestow,
And cause our hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,—
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,—
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have;
Thou canst, thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

5 Be it according to thy word;
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord;
Let what I ask be given:
The bar of unbelief remove;
Open the door of faith and love,
And let me into heaven.

## 111 (374) L. M.

*Ware, 41:* T.P. 32.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake,
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

**112** (378) S. M.

*Boylston, 101:* T.P. 105. *Kentucky, 110:* T.P. 104.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

**113** (379) 76, 76, 78, 76.

*Penitence, 176:* T.P. 180.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suff'ring shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:

If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

## 114 (388) 8 *lines* 7s.

*Martyn, 151:* T.P. 152.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

**115** (398) L. M.

*Windham, 45:* T.P. 20. *Hamburg, 15:* T.P. 6.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.

**116** (403) 4 *lines* 7s.

*Pleyel's, 147:* T.P. 141. *Depth of Mercy, 201:* T.P. 225.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.*

**117** (404) C. M.
*Marlow, 76:* T.P. 57. *China, 57:* T.P. 83.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.

* How Charles Wesley excels in delineating spiritual experiences!

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

## 118 (406) C. M.

*Naomi, 79:* T.P. 60.

LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,—
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By wars without, and fears within,—
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may rejoice in Jesus' grace,—
In Jesus crucified.

5 O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.*

* This hymn expresses the varied experience of Dr. Newton, its author, who was once an infidel, slave-dealer, and outcast; but who, after conversion, spent over forty years in bringing others to Christ. He belongs to the age that may almost be said to have introduced Christ into song.

## 119 (409) 6 *lines* 7s.

*Toplady, 141:* T.P. 146.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,—
Could my zeal no languor know,—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

## 120 (417) L. M.

*Forest, 13:* T.P. 41. *Missionary Chant, 23:* T.P. 40.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove,—
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

**121** (418) S. M.

*Athol, 97:* T.P. 126.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,—
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,—
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

**122** (420) L. M.

*Windham, 45:* T.P. 20. *Hamburg, 15:* T.P. 6.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.

## 123 (423) 6 *lines* 7s.

*Toplady, 141:* T.P. 146.

O DISCLOSE thy lovely face!
Quicken all my drooping powers;
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers:
Hasten, Lord, no more delay;
Come, my Saviour, come away.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see:
Till thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

## 124 (428) S. M.

*Boylston, 101:* T.P. 105.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield; I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

## 125 (430) C. M.

*Mear, 77:* T.P. 75.

THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise:
His heart begins to break.

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 With deep repentance I 'll return,
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I 'll ask a servant's place.

4 Far off the Father saw him move,—
In pensive silence mourn,—
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
  And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew,—
  The long-lost son is found!

## JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

**126** (435) L. M.

*Hebron, 16:* T.P. 30.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
  Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
  To-day, as yesterday, the same:—

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
  And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
  In us the work of faith fulfil.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save:
  (Save us, a present Saviour thou:)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
  Future, and past, subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy Name believes,
  Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,—
  Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
  Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
  Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light;
  The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The' Invisible appears in sight,
  And God is seen by mortal eye.

## 127 (437) 6 *lines* 8s.

*St. Stephens, 128:* T.P.128. *St. Petersburg, 129:* T.P.130.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.*

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that 's written there.

## 128 (439) C. M.

*Broomsgrove, 54:* T.P. 85. *Peterboro', 84:* T.P. 67.

IN hope, against all human hope,
Self-desp'rate, I believe,—
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou wilt thy Spirit give.

* The last two lines of verse 3 were frequently uttered in great triumph by Fletcher during his last hours.

2 The thing surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries,—It shall be done!

4 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

5 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

## 129 (445) 6 *lines* 8s.

*St. Stephens, 128:* T.P. 128. *And can it be, 125:* T.P. 255

AND can it be that I should gain
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis myst'ry all,—the' Immortal dies
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,—
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.*

5 No condemnation now I dread,—
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

## 130 (448) L. M.

*Duane Street, 6:* T.P. 11.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,—
He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,—
The road that leads from banishment,—
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

* Descriptive of the author's conversion. Probably written May 23, 1738.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I 'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.

## 131 (451) L. M.

*Federal Street, 12:* T.P. 16. *Happy Day, 202:* T.P. 218.

O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possess'd.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

## 132 (452) 12 9, 12 9.

*Rapture, 179:* T.P. 185.

O HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,—
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

## ADOPTION AND ASSURANCE.

**133** (459) S. M.

*Olney, 116:* T.P. 119. *Laban, 111:* T.P. 113.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And, conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

## 134 (469) C. M.

*Azmon, 50:* T.P. 71.

AND can my heart aspire so high
To say,—My Father, God?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father, God, permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

## 135 (473) L. M.

*Rockingham, 31:* T.P. 18.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

## 136 (474) 4 6s & 2 8s.

*Lenox, 136:* T.P. 136. *Carmarthen,* T.P. 209.

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:—
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

## 137 (475) L. M.

*Miller, 22:* T.P. 10. *Sessions, 35:* T.P. 12.

GREAT GOD, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,—
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

## 138 (477) S. M.

*Epsilon, 105:* T.P. 111. *Lebanon, 112:* T P. 110.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known.
And witness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood to' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
That He who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then we feel
Our int'rest in his blood;
And cry, with joy unspeakable,—
Thou art my Lord, my God!

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his Name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

## 139 (483) ——— C. M.

*Coronation, 61:* T.P. 86.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,—
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess'd,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

## 140 (484) C. M.

*Woodland, 95:* T.P. 59.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The sabbath of thy love.

## 141 (486) C. M.

*Cowper, 62:* T.P. 58. *Hymn, 73:* T.P. 80.

JESUS, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art absent from the heart
We look for rest in vain.

2 O when wilt thou my Saviour be?
O when shall I be clean?
The true eternal sabbath see,—
A perfect rest from sin?

3 The consolations of thy word
My soul have long upheld;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfill'd.

4 I look to my incarnate God
Till he his work begin;
And wait till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin.

5 O that I now the voice might hear
That speaks my sins forgiven;
Thy word is pass'd to give me here
The inward pledge of heaven.

6 Thy blood shall over all prevail,
And sanctify the' unclean;
The grace that saves the soul from hell,
Will save from present sin.

**142** (491) 886, 886.

*Ariel, 131:* T.P. 131.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

**143** (492) C. M.

*Coronation, 61:* T.P. 86. *Northfield, 80:* T.P. 55.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,—
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view:
Conq'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

5 My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul.

6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal;
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God.

## 144 (496) L. M.

*Forest, 13:* T.P. 41. *Missionary Chant, 23:* T.P. 40.

THY loving Spirit, Lord, alone,
Can lead me forth, and make me free;
The bondage break in which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

2 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,—
The land of perfect holiness.

3 Lord, I believe thy power the same;
The same thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

4 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole;
Entirely all my sins remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,—
To perfect holiness and love.

**145** (498) 87, 87, 87, 87.

*Adoration, 153:* T.P. 159. *Nettleton, 159:* T.P. 161.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,—
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit;
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

**146** (500) C. M.

*Balerma, 52:* T.P. 89. *Manoah, 75:* T.P. 286.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

**147** (506) L. M.

*Melcombe, 20:* T.P. 9. *Rockingham, 31:* T.P. 18.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I 'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I 'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

## 148 (510) L. M.

*Sessions, 25:* T.P. 12. *Rosedale, 32:* T.P. 45.

O THAT my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace

**149** (520) S. M.

*Seir, 118:* T.P. 118. *St. Thomas, 123:* T.P. 120.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,—
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

**150** (524) C. M.

*Parsons, 83:* T.P. 63. *Dundee, 66:* T.P. 62.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

**151** (526) C. M.

*Hymn, 73:* T.P. 80. *Ortonville, 82:* T.P. 52.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith to' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

**152** (527) C. M.

*Arlington, 49:* T.P. 98.

LET Him to whom we now belong,
His sov'reign right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone;
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;
Fulfil our hearts' desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

## 153 (529) L. M.

*Sessions, 35:* T.P. 12. *Hamburg, 15:* T.P. 6.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

**154** (536) C. M.

*Coronation, 61:* T.P. 86. *Howard, 72:* T.P. 94.

JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

**155** (538) 886, 886.

*Ariel, 131:* T.P. 131.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

## PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

**156** (549) L. M.

*Pilesgrove, 27:* T.P. 31. *Hebron, 16:* T.P. 30.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

**157** (551) L. M.

*Retreat, 29:* T.P. 13. *Federal Street, 12:* T.P. 16.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd,—
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

**158** (553) C. M.

*Arlington, 49:* T.P. 98. *Corinth, 60:* T.P. 99.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,—
Long as the cross we bear,—
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Till thou thy perfect love impart;
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
I will not let thee go;—

4 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

5 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise.

**159** (557) 4 *lines* 7s.

*Hendon, 143:* T.P. 142.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,—
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die thy people's death.

**160** (564) 8 *lines* 7s.

*Litany Hymn, 150:* T.P. 149.

SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bow the' adoring knee,—
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—

O, by all thy pain and woe
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

2 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and tort'ring scorn;
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Listen to our humble cry.

3 By thy deep, expiring groan;
By the seal'd sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear, O hear, our humble cry.

## 161 (566) C. M.

*Warwick, 93:* T.P. 78.

JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

## 162 (568) C. M.

*Melody, 78:* T.P. 72. *Peterboro', 84:* T.P. 67.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

**163** (570) S. M.

*Boylston, 101:* T.P. 105.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

**164** (572) L. M.

*Ward, 40:* T.P. 34. *St. Cross, 5:* T.P. 35.

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its Source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee:
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

## 165 (578) L. M.

*Wells, 43:* T.P. 23.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou;
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,—
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength,—be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

4 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more:
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

## 166 (579) C. M.

*Phuvah, 85:* T.P. 100. *Tamar, 90:* T.P. 101.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,—
A pain to feel it near:
I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

## 167 (581) 664, 6664.

*Olivet, 184:* T.P. 187.

MY faith looks up to thee,*
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

* "Written because it was born in my heart and demanded expression. I gave form to what I felt by writing, with little effort, these stanzas I recollect I wrote them with very tender emotion, and ended the last lines (verse 4) with tears."—RAY PALMER.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

## 168 (588) S. M.

*Olmutz, 115:* T.P. 116.

O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
O come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

## 169 (607) L. M.

*Evening Hymn, 11:* T.P. 26.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.*

## 170 (649) . 6 *lines* 8s.

*Wrestling Jacob*, T.P. 129. *St. Stephens, 128:* T.P. 128.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold.
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.†

* Often sung in England at close of evening service.

† Dr. Watts, with Christian nobility, said that this poem was worth all the verses he had ever written. [There are nine stanzas more.]

**171** (678) C. M.

*Cambridge, 56:* T.P. 66. *Tallis, 89:* T.P. 91.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of Him we love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

**172** (679) C. M.

*St. Martin, 88:* T.P. 54. *Christmas, 58;* T.P. 92.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove;—
Source of the old prophetic fire;
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke:
Unlock the truth, thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove;
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

**173** (686) S. M.

*Laban, 111:* T.P. 113. *Paddington, 117:* T.P. 112.

THY word, almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

**174** (688) L. M.

*Park Street, 26:* T.P. 43. *Duke Street, 7:* T.P. 42.

NOW let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee, with humble homage, bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy Name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

## COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

**175** (700) C. M.

*St. Ann, 86;* T.P. 90. *China, 57:* T.P. 83.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

**176** (704) C. M.

*Evan, 69:* T.P. 81. *Barby, 53:* T.P. 76.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,—
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee, inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

## LOVE-FEAST.

**177** (711) C. M.

*Coronation, 61:* T.P. 86.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,—
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one;
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,—
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

## 178 (712) S. M.

*Kentucky, 110:* T.P. 104. *Boylston, 101:* T.P. 105.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

## 179 (716) C. M.

*Antioch 48:* T.P. 96. *Northfield. 80:* T.P. 55.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his Name.

2 To Jesus' Name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to' approve,—
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live:—

6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we 'll meet you there.

## THE WARFARE.

**180** (725) S. M.

*Silver Street, 120:* T.P. 123.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,—
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

**181** (731) S. M.

*Paddington, 117:* T.P. 112. *Laban, 111:* T.P. 113.

MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

**182** (734) C. M.

*Coronation, 61:* T.P. 86. *Christmas, 58:* T.P. 92.

AM I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

**183** (736) C. M.

*Union, 92:* T.P. 262. *Northfield, 80:* T.P. 55.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

**184** (737) 76, 76, 76, 76.

*Munich, 198:* T.P. 173. *Webb, 172:* T.P. 172.

GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

## PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION.

185 (744) 10, 10, 11, 11.

*Lyons, 177:* T.P. 182.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us,—The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,—The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,—The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—The Lord will provide.

## 186 (745) C. M.

*Mear, 77:* T.P. 75. *Notting Hill, 81:* T.P. 93.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,*
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

* Written in the twilight of departing reason.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

**187** (748) C. M.

*Notting Hill, 81:* T.P. 93. *Cowper, 62:* T.P. 58.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not His wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

5 Then sorrow, touch'd by Him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

**188** (762) L. M.

*Forest, 13:* T.P. 41. *Missionary Chant, 23:* T.P. 40.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;—

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,—
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,—
The heaven of loving thee alone.

**189** (779) S. M.

*Badea, 99:* T.P. 114. *Shirland, 119:* T.P. 107.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,—
To His sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,—
He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause,—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.*

* Written in 1641, to cheer the author's weary wife while walking into exile from Berlin to Saxony. Duke Christian, of Merseburg, afterward provided for him.

**190** (795) L. M.

*Retreat, 29:* T.P. 13. *Sessions, 35:* T.P. 12.

O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,—
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

3 Better than life itself, thy love;
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,—
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.*

## GROWTH IN GRACE.

**191** (804) L. M.

*Sessions, 35:* T.P. 12. *Bava, 3:* T.P. 4.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

* Montgomery's hymns express his own experience. He used them till death to cheer his own sorrows.

3 Thine would I live—thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

**192** (805) C. M.

*Stephens, 87:* T.P. 79. *Warwick, 93:* T.P. 78.

LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

**193** (806) L. M.

*Grace Church, 14:* T.P. 47. *Duke Street, 7:* T.P. 42.

ARISE, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,—
The narrow road that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God,—to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above:
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

**194** (813) L. M.

*Iosco, 18:* T.P. 39. *Ward, 40:* T.P. 34.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,—
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his Name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

**195** (817) L. M.

*Effingham, 9:* T.P. 44. *Ware, 41:* T.P. 32.

MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honour give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

## 196 (825) L. M.

*Federal St., 12:* T.P. 16. *Rosedale, 32:* T.P. 45.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,—
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,—
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

## 197 (828) C. M.

*Lanesboro', 74:* T.P. 56. *Marlow, 76:* T.P. 57.

LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let Him who raised thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

## 198 (832) 87, 87, 47.

*Zion, 157:* T.P. 158.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

**199** (834) C. M.

*Devizes, 65:* T.P. 64. *Christmas, 58:* T.P. 92.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

**200** (838) 4 *lines* 7s.

*Pleyel's Hymn, 147:* T.P. 144.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

## 201 (840) L. M.

*Evening Hymn. 11:* T.P. 26. *Warren, 41:* T.P. 46.

YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove:
By actions show your sins forgiven:
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ. your head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your Head reveal'd,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

## 202 (846) 886, 886.

*Meribah, 134:* T.P. 134.

BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given:
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

## 203 (847) L. M.

*Missionary Chant, 23:* T.P. 40. *Refuge, 28:* T.P. 37.

GOD is our refuge and defence;
In trouble our unfailing aid:
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?

2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock:
They look beyond this transient world.

3 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heav'nly plains;
Where in eternity of light
The city of our God remains.

4 Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

## BACKSLIDINGS LAMENTED.

**204** (854) L. M.

*Ware, 41:* T.P. 32.

O THOU, who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night:
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
With holy, conq'ring zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint:
With steps unwav'ring, undismay'd,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4 With outstretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize:
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! my zeal soon dies away.

5 The deadly slumber then I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

## 205 (863) C. M.

*Hymn, 73:* T.P. 80. *Dedham, 64:* T.P. 70.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

## 206 (869) C. M.

*Balerma, 52:* T.P. 89. *Evan, 69:* T.P. 81.

O FOR a closer walk with God,—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
What e'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

## 207 (870) C. M.

*Dedham, 64:* T.P. 70.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;—
Let me that mercy share.

## 208 (885) C. M.

*Mear, 77:* T.P. 75. *Cross and Crown, 63:* T.P. 74.

I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chased my grief away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

## 209 (890) L. M.

*Rockingham, 31:* T.P. 18. *Seasons, 34:* T.P. 15.

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy Name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led,
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep,
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,—
Thine everlasting arms of love.

## 210 (894) S. M.

*Golden Hill, 108:* T.P. 103. *Dennis, 103:* T.P. 102.

THOU very-present aid
In suff'ring and distress;
The mind which still on thee is stay'd,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripp'd of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one:
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.*

* Charles Wesley was frequently mobbed for preaching the Gospel! In the midst of a mob (March 16, 1740) he sang:

"Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?"

The above hymn tells the source of his strength.

**211** (900) S. M.

*Concord, 102:* T.P. 124. *Lisbon, 113:* T.P. 125.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

## 212 (901) 87, 87, 87, 87.

*Nettleton, 159:* T.P. 161. *Autumn, 158:* T.P. 160.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—*
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

* The author was at different times Calvinist, Socinian, Baptist, Independent, Methodist; and, lastly, irreligious. His attention having been called to this hymn, he said: "I would give a thousand worlds to enjoy the feelings I then had."

## 213 (902) C. M.

*Stephens, 87:* T.P. 79. *Phuvah. 85:* T.P. 100.

TALK with us; Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;—
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

## 214 (903) C. M.

*Christmas, 58:* T.P. 92. *Marlow, 76:* T.P. 57.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:—

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conq'ror through.

**215** (281) 87, 87, 87, 87.

*Autumn, 158:* T.P. 160. *Nettleton, 159:* T.P. 161.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famish'd souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet! bread of heaven!
Wine of gladness, flowing free!
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labours on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection;
In thy suff'rings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

**216** (906) C. M.

*Devizes, 65:* T.P. 64. *Emmons, 68:* T.P. 53.

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

2 I trust in thy eternal word;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.*

**217** (907) 8 *lines* 8s.

*Contrast, 165:* T.P. 167. *David, 166:* T.P. 168.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;—
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

* "Thanksgiving is good, thanksliving is better."

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

**218** (908) C. M.

*Northfield, 80:* T.P. 55. *Lanesboro', 74:* T.P. 56.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I 've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There 's nothing here deserves my joys,
There 's nothing like my God.

3 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy Name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee;
Or what 's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.*

* A favourite of Lee Claflin, Esq., of Boston, who gave away in his life-time nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

## 219 (910) C. M

*Zerah, 96:* T.P. 95. *Antioch, 48.* T.P. 96.

O 'TIS delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name:
My spirit leaps with inward joy;
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,—
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
And sound from every joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come.

5 Sink down, ye separating hills;
Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

## 220 (913) S. M.

*Haydn, 109:* T.P. 287. *Lisbon, 113.* T.P. 125.

LORD! I delight in thee,*
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When nature's streams are dried
Thy fulness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy Name.

* "I recollect deeper feelings of mind in composing this hymn than perhaps I ever felt in making any other."—RYLAND.

3 Who made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

4 I cast my care on thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

## 221 (914) 87, 87, 47.

*Haydn's Hymn, 155:* T.P. 155. *Zion, 157:* T.P. 158.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favour;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,—
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vying,—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng:
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

**222** (923) 6 *lines* 8s.

*Nashville, 127:* T.P. 127.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,*
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the' oppress'd, he feeds the poor
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

* Among John Wesley's later words were, "The best of all is, God is with us." Shortly afterward he attempted to repeat this favourite hymn, but was only heard to utter, "I'll praise—I'll praise." Though the words died on his lips, no doubt the praise went on in the new song.

**223** (925) 886, 886.

*Hope, 133:* T.P. 132. *Ganges, 132:* T.P. 133.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

## 224 (926) C. M.

*Broomsgrove, 54:* T.P. 85. *Northfield, 80:* T.P. **55.**

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,—
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day:
We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ conceal'd,—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

## 225 (928) S. M.

*Baker, 100:* T.P. 115. *Laban, 111:* T.P. **113.**

FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
  But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
  And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,—
  Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
  Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
  Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
  Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
  For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
  The chorus of the sky.

## 226 (929) C. M.

*Balerma, 52:* T.P. 89. *Tullis, 89:* T.P. 91.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
  And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
  Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
  Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
  And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
  And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
  The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
  And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
  Shall meet thee in the skies.

## 227 (930) C. M.

*Exhortation, 70:* T.P. 68. *The Lovely Land, 204:* T.P. 276.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

## 228 (933) C. M.

*Howard, 72:* T.P. 94. *Zerah, 96:* T.P. 95.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise*
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

* Doddridge once used this hymn after a sermon on Heb. vi, 12, and the people could scarcely sing because of their great emotion.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

## 229 (935) 76, 76, 77, 76.

*Amsterdam, 174:* T.P. 170. *Beethoven, 175:* T.P. 171.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
There we 'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

**230** (937) 86, 886.

*Woodland, 95:* T.P. 59.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wand'rers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

**231** (942) C. M.

*Emmons, 68:* T.P. 53.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace in thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

**232** (943) S. M.

*Epsilon, 105:* T.P. 111. *Dover, 104:* T.P. 109.

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord!

**233** (947) L. M.

*Missionary Chant, 23:* T.P. 40. *Forest, 13:* T.P. 41.

LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labours rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

## 234 (956) C. M.

*Tamar, 90:* T.P. 101. *Tallis, 89:* T.P. 91.

COME, let us join our friends above,*
That have obtain'd the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

* Thought by J. Wesley to be his brother's finest hymn.

6 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

## MISSIONARY.

**235** (973) 76, 76, 76, 76.

*Missionary Hymn, 171:* T.P. 174.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

## 236 (996) 4 *lines* 7s.

*Nuremberg, 146:* T.P. 143. *Downes, 142:* T.P. 274.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his Name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banish'd grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturb'd, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious Name;
All his mighty acts record,—
All his wondrous love proclaim.

## 237 (999) L. M.

*Park Street, 26:* T.P. 43. *Duke Street, 7:* T.P. 42.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

## 238 (1001) 76, 76, 76, 76.

*Missionary Hymn, 171:* T.P. 174 *Ewing, 168:* T.P. 177.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

**239** (1007) C. M.

*Tamar, 90:* T.P. 101. *Evan, 69:* T.P. 81.

DELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design:
The honours of thy Name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

**240** (1012) C. M.

*Heber, 71.* T.P. 73. *Zerah, 96:* T.P. 95.

HOSANNA, be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
  O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
  And heaven to earth, reply.

5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be;
  Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's jubilee;
  Let all the children sing.

**241** (1014) 76, 76, 76, 76.

*Munich, 198:* T.P. 173. *Webb, 172:* T.P. 172.

WE bring no glitt'ring treasures,
  No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
  To chant thy love divine.
Children, thy favours sharing,
  Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our off'ring,
  Our song of grateful praise.

3 The dearest gift of Heaven,
  Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
  To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
  The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
  From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
  O! teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
  May tread life's onward way;
Then where the pure are dwelling
  We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
  Forever praise thy Name.

**242** (1016) C. M.

*Heber, 71:* T.P. 73. *Melody, 78:* T.P. 72.

THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 Soon will our earthly race be run—
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

5 Great God, impress this serious thought,
To-day, on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May dwell among the blest.

## OUR COUNTRY.

**243** (1029) C. M.

*Barby, 53:* T.P. 76. *Mear, 77:* T.P. 75.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage, or their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, or their strength,
That did their country save.

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succour they implored,—
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great Name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers own'd,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.

5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy Name.

## BENEVOLENT.

**244** (1032) C. M.

*Corinth, 60:* T.P. 99. *Arlington, 49:* T.P. 98.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O! may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When, throned above the skies,
And in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To bless a ruin'd race;
We would, O Lord, thy steps pursue,
Thy bright example trace.

## WATCH-NIGHT.

**245** (1052) 8 *lines* 7s.

*Benevento, 149:* T.P. 150. *Watchman, 152:* T.P. 153.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,—
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with thee above.

246 (1053) 10, 5, 11.

*"Come, let us anew," 180:* T.P. 186.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

3 O that each, in the day of His coming, may say,—
I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,—
Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.

247 (1054) C. M.

*Ortonville, 82:* T.P. 52. *Naomi, 79:* T.P. 60.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord;—

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His Name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

## BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

248 (1059) C. M.

*Tallis, 89:* T.P. 91. *St. Ann, 86:* T.P. 90.
*Windsor, 94:* T.P. 84.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:—

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

## 249 (1060) L. M.

*Zephyr, 47:* T.P. 36. *Federal Street, 12:* T.P. 16.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we 're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

250 (1064) 886, 886.

*Ganges, 132:* T.P. 133. *Meribah, 134:* T.P. 134.

LO! on a narrow neck of land,*
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here—
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

* Written at Land's End, a high, "narrow neck" jutting out into the Atlantic. "It is a sublime contemplation . . . of everlasting import to a dying man, standing on the lapse of a moment between two eternities."—MONTGOMERY.

**251** (1071) C. M.

*Hymn, 73:* T.P. 80. *Cross and Crown, 63:* T.P. 74.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine,—
O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

**252** (642) 87, 87.

*Mt. Vernon,* T.P. 166. *Talmar, 162:* T.P. 165.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—Thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we 're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord,—Thy will be done.

3 Though to-day we 're fill'd with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing,—Thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—Thy will be done.

## 253 (1072) 886, 886.

*Meribah, 134:* T.P. 134.

AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness.
Ah! write the pardon on my heart;
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

## JUDGMENT.

**254** (1106) C. M.

*Windsor, 94:* T.P. 84. *Heber, 71;* T.P. 73.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

## 255 (1114) C. M

*Windsor, 94:* T.P. 84. *China, 57:* T.P. 83.
*Naomi, 79:* T.P. 60.

THAT awful day will surely come,
The' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word,—Depart!

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What! to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?—

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

## 256 (269) S. M.

*Thatcher, 124:* T.P. 108. *Dover, 104:* T.P. 109.

CALL'D from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.

2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide:
'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side.

## 257 (1126) 87, 87, 47.

*Greenville, 154:* T.P. 156. *Sicily, 156:* T.P. 157.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit;
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak,—the hungry feed;
From the Gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's design'd to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

## 258 (1127) 87, 87, 47.

*Sicily, 156:* T.P. 157. *Greenville, 154:* T.P. 156.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

## DOXOLOGIES.

**259** (1130) L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**260** (1131) C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

**261** (1133) S. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

262 6s & 4s.

*Bethany, 182:* T.P. 238.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee:
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Day-light all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven:
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.*

## 263 L. M.

*Melcombe, 20:* T.P. 9. *Hamburg, 15:* T.P. 6.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

* Of the author, Sarah F. Adams, it is said, "Almost her last breath passed away in unconscious song."

## 264 C. P. M.

*Ariel, 131:* T.P. 131.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I 'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I 'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

3 O, the delightful day will come,
When Christ, my Lord, will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I 'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

## 265 7s & 6s.

*Joy, 169:* T.P. 176. *Webb, 172:* T.P. 172.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

## 266 8s & 7s.

*Talmar, 162:* T.P. 165.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

## 267 C. M. P.

*Meribah, 134:* T.P. 134.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To take thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the' archangel's trump shall sound
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sov'reign grace.

## 268 C. M.

*Cross and Crown, 63:* T.P. 74.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I 'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me.

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

## 269 8s & 7s.

*Harwell, 161:* T.P. 163.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound their note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life! thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth.
When we think of love like thine,
Lord! we own it love divine.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring,—O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;

Then with golden harps we 'll sing—
Glory, glory to our King.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

## 270 8s & 7s.

*Grant, 160:* T.P. 162.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I 've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father;
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,—
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

## 271 C. M.

*Emmons, 68:* T.P. 53. *Ortonville, 82:* T.P. 52.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O, may I ever hear thy voice
In mercy to me speak;
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

3 While Jesus shall be still my theme—
While on this earth I stay—
I 'll sing my Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favoured throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

## 272 7s.

*Downes, 142:* T.P. 274.

GLORY to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children! raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may he inspire,—
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

## 273 7s & 6s.

*Webb, 172:* T.P. 172.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower;
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
A thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

## 274

*The Saints' Home*: T.P. 239.

I HAVE started for Canaan, must I leave you behind?
Will you not go up with me? come, make up your mind:
The land lies before us, 'tis pleasant to view;
Its fruits are abundant, they are offered for you.

CHORUS.

Come, come, friends, friends, come;
I 've started for Canaan, O, will you not come?

2 What can tempt you to linger, or turn from the way?
The fields are all blooming, as blooming as May:
The music is charming, the harmony pure;
The joys there are lasting, they ever endure.
CHORUS—Come, come, friends, etc.

3 You have friends in that country, most dear to your heart;
Do you not wish to meet them, where friends never part?

Then start in a moment, no longer delay;
While you stop to consider, the night ends the day.
CHORUS—Come, come, friends, etc.

4 'Tis the last call of mercy, O turn, lest you die!
Give your heart to the Saviour, to-day he is nigh:
While his arms are extended, while his children all pray,
Will you not join our number? come, join us to-day.
CHORUS—Come, come, friends, etc.

## 275 87, 87.

T.P. 219.

SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we 'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
CHORUS—Shall we gather, etc.

3 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
CHORUS—Shall we gather, etc.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.
CHORUS—Shall we gather, etc.

5 Soon we 'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
CHORUS—Shall we gather, etc.

## 276 L. M.

T.P. 220.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I 'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight.

This robe of flesh I 'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

## 277 8s & 7s.

*Talmar, 162:* T.P. 165. *Truth, 163:* T.P. 291.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I 'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 Here in tender, grateful sorrow
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will borrow,
Here will love my fears away.

## 278 6s & 4s.

*Oak, 183:* T.P. 234.

I 'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,—
Heaven is my home.

What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;

Time 's cold and wint'ry blast
Soon will be over-past;
I shall be home at last,—
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There too I soon shall rest,—
Heaven is my home.

## 279

8s & 7s.

T.P. 271.

MY life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation,
I catch the sweet though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation.
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comforts die?
The Lord, my Saviour, liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night he giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift mine eyes—the cloud grows thin—
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths
Since first I learn'd to love it.

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am his—
How can I keep from singing?

## 280

6s & 4s.

T.P. 267. *Oak, 183:* T.P. 234.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring
For evermore.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

## 281

5s & 7s.

T.P. 242.

THERE is beauty all around,
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home.

Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

2 In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is fill'd with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky,
O! there's One who smiles on high
When there's love at home!

4 Jesus, show thy mercy mine—
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper I am thine—
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun so bright—
Can dispel the gloom of night;
Then there's love at home.

## 282 8s & 7s.

*Autumn, 158:* T.P. 160.

CHILDREN, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?

2 Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful, day by day,
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by any thing you say?

3 Little children, love each other;
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

4 Be not selfish to each other;
Never spoil another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

## 283 7s & 6s.

*Webb, 172:* T.P. 172.

HOW precious is the story
Of our Redeemer's birth,
Who left the realms of glory,
And came to dwell on earth:
He saw our sad condition,
Our guilt, and sin, and shame;
To save us from perdition
The blessed Jesus came.

2 He came to earth from heaven,
To weep, and bleed, and die,
That we might be forgiven,
And raised to God on high:
His kindness and compassion
To children then were shown;
The heirs of his salvation,
He claim'd them for his own.

3 O may I love this Saviour,
So good, so kind, so mild;
And may I find his favour,
A young, though sinful child;

And in his blessed heaven
May I at last appear,
With all my sins forgiven,
To know and praise him there.

## 284 7s.

*Pleyel's Hymn, 147:* T.P. 144.

HOLY BIBLE! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am;

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Father's love;
Mine to guide my doubtful feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine to comfort in distress;
Mine to cheer, sustain, and bless;
Mine to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine to tell of joys to come;
Mine to lead the spirit home:
O thou precious book divine,
Holy Bible, thou art mine!

## 285 S. M.

*Thatcher, 124:* T.P. 108. *Gabriel, 107:* T.P. 287.

SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year;

2 But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King
Who loves the youthful race.

3 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning beams are nigh:

4 But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth,
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn
Before the light of truth.

5 Sweet is the early dew
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view
With pearly, glittering drops:

6 But sweeter far the scene,
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distil.

## 286 4s & 6s.

*America, 181:* T.P. 187.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong!

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

## 287 C. M.

*Zerah, 96:* T.P. 95. *Mear, 77:* T.P. 75.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Hast thou a lamb in all the flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead? *

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the' immortal flame?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

## 288 11s.

*Portuguese Hymn, 190:* T.P. 192.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

* "The touch-stone of Christian experience, profession and practice."—MONTGOMERY.

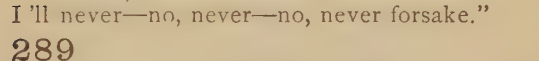
2 In every condition, in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

## 289

T.P. 203.

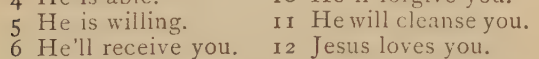


COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you.
3 O, believe him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 He will cleanse you.
12 Jesus loves you.
13 Only trust him.

## 290

T.P. 273.



AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one array'd;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.

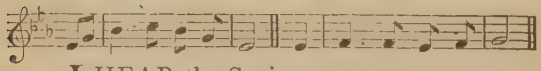
3 What brought them to that world above—
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, etc.

## 291

T.P. 208.



I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray;
Find in me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all:
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He wash'd it white as snow.

2 O Lord, at last I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change this heart of mine,
And make it all thine own.
CHORUS—Jesus paid it all, etc.

3 Then down beneath the cross
I lay my sin-sick soul;
Nothing I bring but dross,
Thy grace must make me whole.
CHORUS—Jesus paid it all, etc.

4 I now in Christ abide—
In him is perfect rest;
Close shelter'd in his side,
I am divinely blest.
CHORUS—Jesus paid it all, etc.

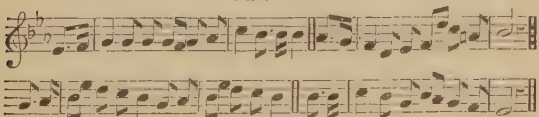
5 When at my post I fall,
My ransom'd soul shall rise;
And "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
CHORUS—Jesus paid it all, etc.

6 And when, in heaven above,
At Jesus' feet I fall,
My song shall ever be—
Jesus hath paid it all.
CHORUS—Jesus paid it all, etc.

## 292

11s & 9s.

T.P. 276.



I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he took little children as lambs to his fold,
I would like to have been with him then.

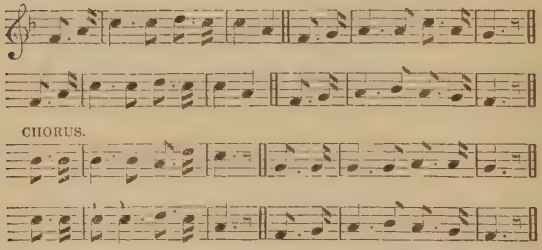
2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen his kind look as he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,—

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven:
And many dear children are gathering there,—
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## 293

T.P. 205.




LAND ahead! its fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

CHORUS.

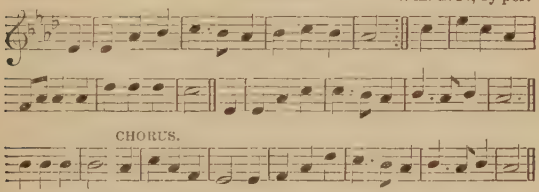
Rocks and storms I'll fear no more
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
I am safe within the vail.

2 Onward, bark! the cape I 'm rounding;
See, the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands.
CHORUS—Rocks and storms, etc.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding—
Shores in sunlight stretch away.
CHORUS—Rocks and storms, etc.

4 Now we 're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our Salvation,
We are safe at home at last!
CHORUS—Rocks and storms, etc.

294 T.P. 253. Wm. G. F., by per.




DEAR JESUS, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

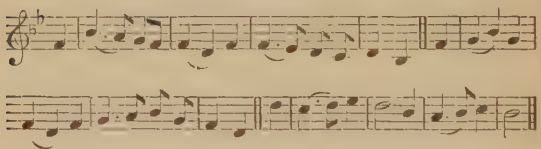
2 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
CHORUS—Whiter than snow, etc.

3 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing I see thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
CHORUS—Whiter than snow, etc.

4 The blessing, by faith I receive from above;
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevail'd, and this moment I know,
The blood is applied,—I am whiter than snow.
CHORUS—Whiter than snow, etc.

## 295

T.P. 275.



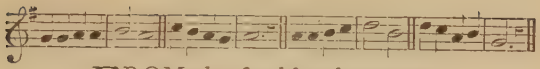
O PRAISE the Lord, he loves to hear you singing!
In sweet accord loud let his praise be ringing.
O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!

2 We 're heard afar, in God's most holy dwelling!
So loud and clear our voices now are swelling!
We 're heard afar! We 're heard afar!

3 Our voices raise, with joy and gladness singing,
And cheerful praise, O let us all be bringing!
Our voices raise! Our voices raise!

## 296

T.P. 270.



FROM the far blue heaven,
Where the angels dwell,
God looks down on children,
Whom he loves so well.

2 He will hear their praying,
Either day or night;
And, with gentle kindness,
Guide their steps aright.

3 He will, like a father,
Give them daily bread;
To the end will keep them,
Safe from fear and dread.

4 All ye little children,
Hear the truth we tell:
God will ne'er forget you,
For he loves you well.

## 297

T.P. 272.

THERE 'S a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we may see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

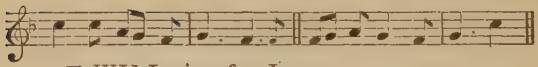
2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

CHORUS—In the sweet by and by, etc.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
CHORUS—In the sweet by and by, etc.

## 298

T.P. 204. P. P., by per.



I WILL sing for Jesus;
With his blood he bought me;
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

CHORUS.

O! help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story
Of Him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

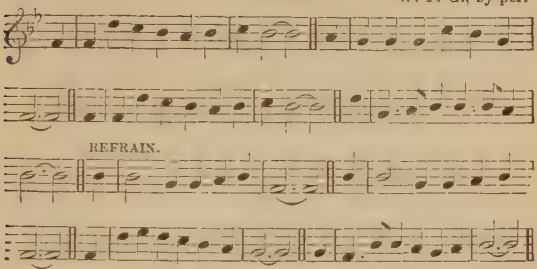
2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?
CHORUS—O! help me sing, etc.

3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music
When heart and flesh are failing.
CHORUS—O! help me sing, etc.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
O! how will I adore him
Among the cloud of witnesses
Who cast their crowns before him.
CHORUS—O! help me sing, etc

299

T.P. 243. W. F. G., by per.




I STAND, all bewilder'd with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

CHORUS.

The cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God.

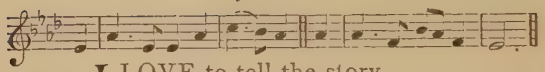
2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.
CHORUS—The cross now covers, etc.

3 He laid his hand on me and heal'd me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touch'd but the hem of his garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.
CHORUS—The cross now covers, etc.

4 The Prince of my peace is now passing;
The light of his face is on me;
'Now listen, beloved"—he sayeth—
"My peace I will give unto thee."
CHORUS—The cross now covers, etc.

300

T.P. 201. W. G. F., by per.



I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love:
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story,—
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

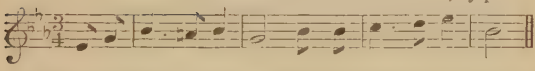
2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
CHORUS—I love to tell, etc

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
CHORUS—I love to tell, etc.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long!
CHORUS—I love to tell, etc.

## 301

T.P. 226. P. P., by per.



I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand
While the years of eternity roll.

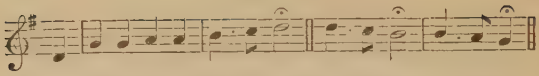
2 O, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4 O how sweet will it be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

## 302

T.P. 230.



WE 'RE trav'ling home to heaven above;
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you go? Will you go?
Millions have reach'd that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God;
And millions more are on the road;
Will you go? Will you go?

2 We 're going to see the bleeding Lamb;
Will you go? Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name;
Will you go? Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conq'ror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we 'll share;
Will you go? Will you go?

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain;
Will you go? Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you go? Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see;
Will you go? Will you go?

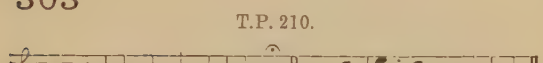
4 O, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go! I will go!
I 'll start this moment—clear the way;
Let me go! Let me go!

* This hymn was once printed as a tract. A soldier picked it up, and wrote on it, "By the grace of God I will try to go."—JOHN WAUGH, Co. G, 10th Reg.

My old companions, fare you well;
I will not go with you to hell!
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell;
Let me go! Let me go!

## 303

T.P. 210.



IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour 's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you—
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.
CHORUS—There is rest, etc.

3 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransom'd!
Hail with joy the rising morn.
CHORUS—There is rest, etc.

4 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
CHORUS—There is rest, etc.

## 304

T.P. 226.

"ALMOST persuaded"—now to believe;
"Almost persuaded"—Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On thee I 'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded"—come, come, to-day
"Almost persuaded"—turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
O, wand'rer, come!

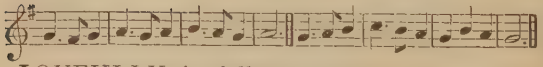
3 "Almost persuaded"—th' harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded"—th' doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail;
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost—*but lost!*"

4 "Almost persuaded"—tempt not this doom;
"Almost persuaded"—yet there is room;
Now the new life begin,
Mercy is more than sin,
Jesus will bear thee in,
Quite into heaven.

[Last verse by Dr. Punshon.]

## 305

T.P. 212.



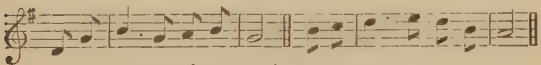
JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."

Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome!
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not thy blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone:
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

306 T.P. 233. W. G. F., by per.



I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sigh'd for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.
CHORUS—I am trusting, etc.

3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine for evermore.
CHORUS—I am trusting, etc.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.
CHORUS—I am trusting, etc.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am:
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
CHORUS—I am trusting, etc.

## 307

T.P. 213.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly:
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

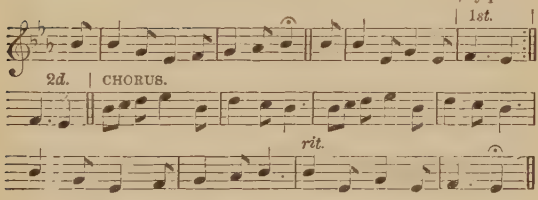
For O! we stand on Jordan's strand
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
CHORUS—For O! we stand, etc.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
CHORUS—For O! we stand, etc.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever! O! forever!
CHORUS—For O! we stand, etc.

## 308

T.P. 266. J. H. S., by per.

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer;
O hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

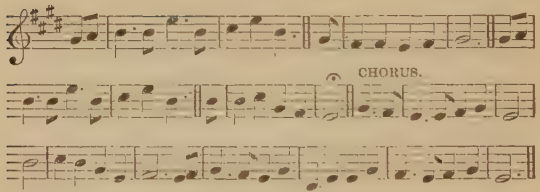
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,—
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus:
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.
CHORUS—Sweetest note, etc.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
I now believe in Jesus:
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
CHORUS—Sweetest note, etc.

4 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
The name, the name of Jesus.
CHORUS—Sweetest note, etc.

## 309

T.P. 264. J. H. S., by per.

THE cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross!
The hallow'd cross I see!
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me.

CHORUS.

O the blood, the precious blood!
That Jesus shed for me,
Upon the cross, in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

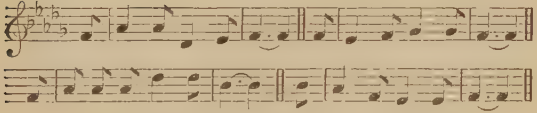
2 A thousand thousand fountains spring
Up from the throne of God;
But none to me such blessings bring
As Jesus' precious blood
CHORUS—O the blood, etc.

3 That priceless blood my ransom paid,
While I in bondage stood;
On Jesus all my sins were laid,
He saved me with his blood.
CHORUS—O the blood, etc.

4 By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood;
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay:
All praise to Jesus' blood.
CHORUS—O the blood, etc.

5 This wond'rous theme will best employ
My harp before my God,
And make all heaven resound with joy
For Jesus' cleansing blood.
CHORUS—O the blood, etc.

## 310

T.P. 273. By per.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I 'm nearer my home to-day
Than I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the blest mansions be;
I 'm nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea:

3 Nearer the bound where we
Must lay our burdens down;
And nearer the time to leave
The cross, and wear the crown.

4 Father, perfect my truth,
That I may rest, in death,
On Christ, my Lord, alone,
And thus resign my breath.

## 311

T.P. 214. O. S. H., by per.

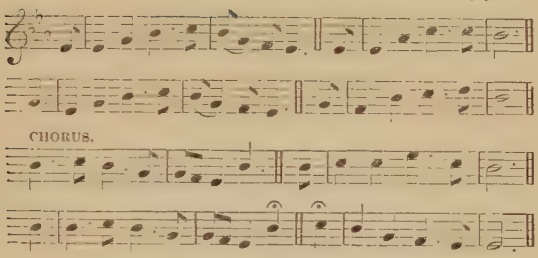
OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We 're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We 're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we 've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode;
Promise of which on us each he bestow'd,
We 're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We 're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We 're homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We 're homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We 're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We 're home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We 're home at last.

## 312

T.P. 263. W. G. F., by per.




GOD loved the world of sinners lost,
And ruin'd by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

CHORUS.

O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing through his blood.
CHORUS—O, 'twas love, etc.

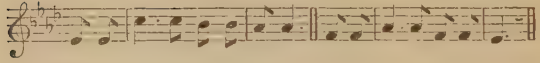
3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.
CHORUS—O, 'twas love, etc.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste here below
Of endless life in heaven.
CHORUS—O, 'twas love, etc.

5 Of vict'ry now o er Satan's power
Let all the ransom'd sing:
And triumph in the dying hour,
Through Christ the Lord, our King.
CHORUS—O, 'twas love, etc.

## 313

T.P. 251.



I WILL follow thee, my Saviour,
Wheresoe'r my lot may be;
Where thou goest I will follow;
Yes, my Lord, I 'll follow thee.

CHORUS.

I will follow thee, my Saviour,
Thou didst shed thy blood for me;
And though all men should forsake thee,
By thy grace I'll follow thee.

2 Though I meet with tribulations,
Sorely tempted though I be,
I remember thou was tempted,
And rejoice to follow thee.
CHORUS—I will follow, etc.

3 Though thou lead'st me through affliction,
Poor, forsaken, though I be,
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.
CHORUS—I will follow, etc.

4 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, thou leadest me,
Thou hast cross'd its waves before me,
And I still will follow thee.
CHORUS—I will follow, etc.

## 314

T.P. 257.

I HEAR thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to thee;
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
CHORUS—I am coming, etc.

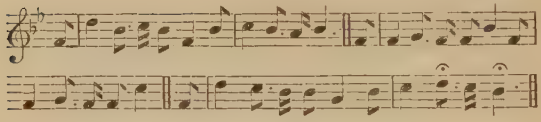
3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love;
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.
CHORUS—I am coming, etc.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reign'd the power of sin.
CHORUS—I am coming, etc.

5 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfill'd,
If faith but brings the plea.
CHORUS—I am coming, etc.

6 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.
CHORUS—I am coming, etc.

## 315

T P. 220. By per.

IN some way or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way;
And yet, in His *own* way,
"The Lord will provide."

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time;
And yet, in his *own* time,
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despond, then, no longer; the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious
We 'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

316 T.P. 250.

ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

CHORUS—One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!

2 One more day's work for Jesus:
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To speak his beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.
CHORUS—One more, etc.

3 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!
CHORUS—One more, etc.

4 One more day's work for Jesus:
O, yes, a weary day!
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before his face I fall.
CHORUS—One more, etc.

5 O, blessed work for Jesus!
O, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet,
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!
CHORUS—One more, etc.

## 317

T.P. 256. B. & M., by per.

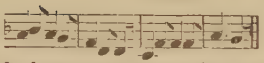
MORE love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee;
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee:
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek—
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee, etc.

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me—
More love, O Christ, to thee, etc.

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee, etc.

**318** T.P. 274. B. & M., by per



JESUS, keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHORUS.

In the cross, In the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.
CHORUS—In the cross, etc.

3 Near the cross! O, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadows o'er me.
CHORUS—In the cross, etc.

4 Near the cross I 'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the river.
CHORUS—In the cross, etc.

## TEMPERANCE.

**319** L. M.

*Hebron, 16:* T.P. 30.

GREAT God, whose hand outpours the rills
And springs that burst from all the hills,
At whose command the rock was riven,
Who send'st on all thy rain from heaven,

2 We bless thee for the crystal draught
By sinless man in Eden quaff'd;
Type of that fount whose streams above
Flood endless worlds with life and love!

3 If there the drunkard may not dwell,
But woes crowd thick his path to hell,
O! come and aid us, Lord, to save
Their souls from death beyond the grave!

4 Help us to heed thy word divine,
And look not on the crimson wine;
To fear and flee the accurséd thing
As serpent's bite or adder's sting.

320 S. M.

*Boylston, 101:* T.P. 105.

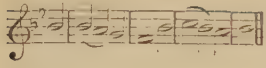
MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign
O'er the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruin'd soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, madd'ning bowl,
And turn'd to hopeless night.

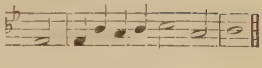
3 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

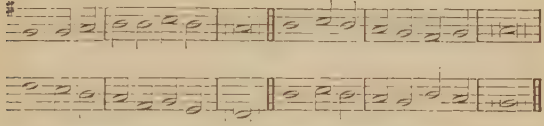
**1** All Saints. L. M.



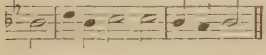
**2** Ames. L. M.



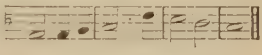
**3** Bava. L. M.

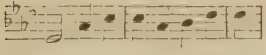


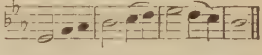
**4** Bridgewater. L. M.

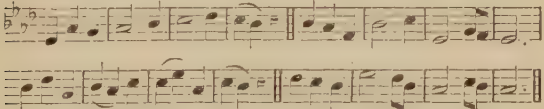


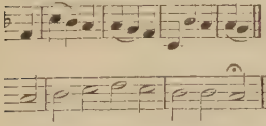
**5** St. Cross. L. M.



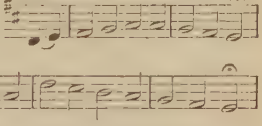
**6** Duane Street. L. M.

**7** Duke Street. L. M.



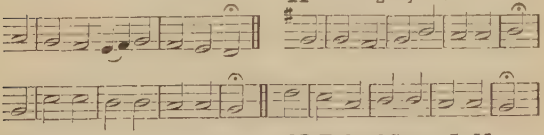
**8** Easton. L. M.

**9** Effingham. L. M.



**10** Eisenach. L. M.



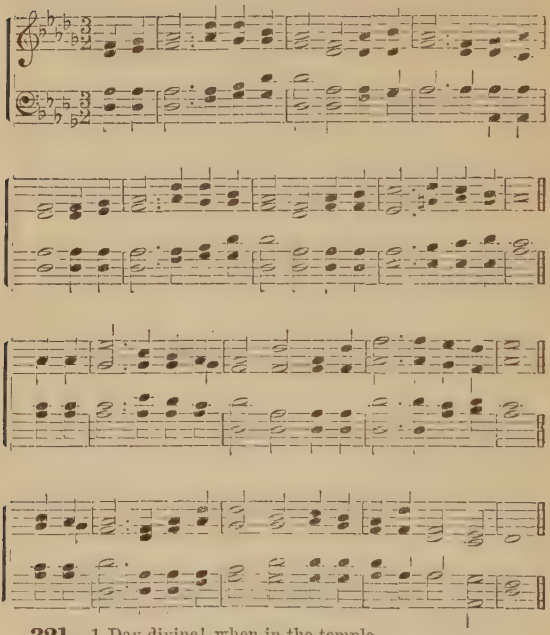
**11** Evening Hymn. L. M.



**12** Federal Street. L. M.

# PENTECOST. 8, 7.—8 lines.

T. P. 193. L. F. SNOW.



**321** 1 Day divine! when in the temple,
To the first disciples came;
Glory new and treasure ample,
Mighty gifts and tongues of flame.
Day to happy souls commended,
When the Holy Ghost was given;
When the Comforter descended,
Bringing down the joy of heaven.

2 Hath the Holy Ghost been holden
By those ancient saints alone?
Only may the ages golden
Call the Comforter their own?
No; their portion we inherit,
Ours the sorrow, ours the sin;
We beseech the Holy Spirit,
We the Comforter would win.

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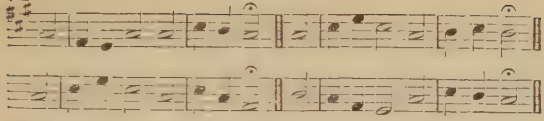
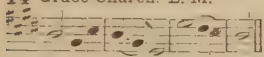
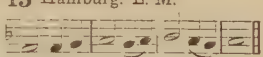
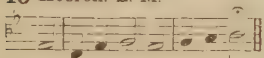
13 Forest. L. M.

14 Grace Church. L. M.



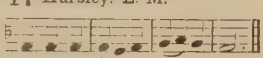
15 Hamburg. L. M.



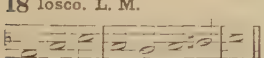
16 Hebron. L. M.



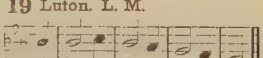
17 Hursley. L. M.



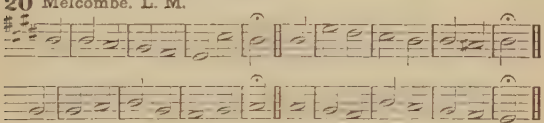
18 Iosco. L. M.



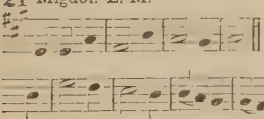
19 Luton. L. M.



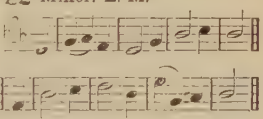
20 Melcombe. L. M.

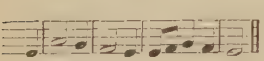
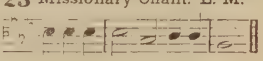


21 Migdol. L. M.

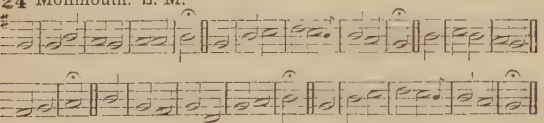


22 Miller. L. M.

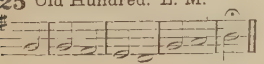


23 Missionary Chant. L. M.



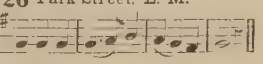
24 Monmouth. L. M.



25 Old Hundred. L. M.

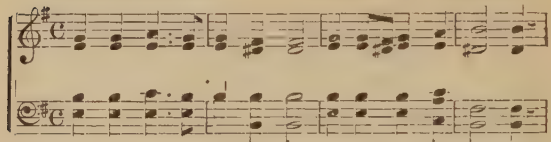
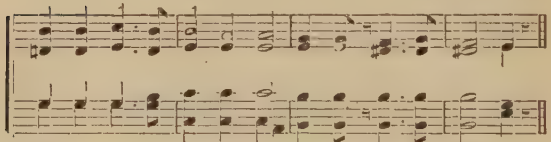


26 Park Street. L. M.

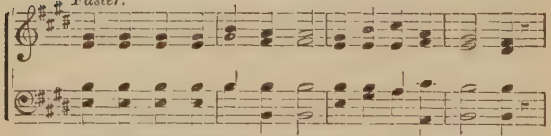


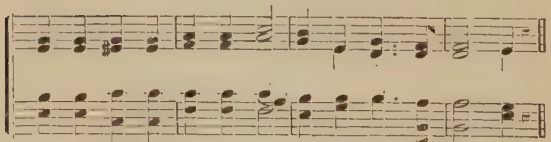
# DEAD AND ALIVE.

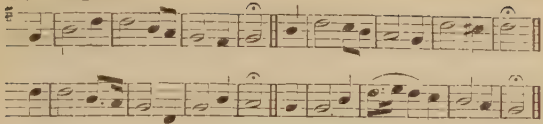
T. P. 205.

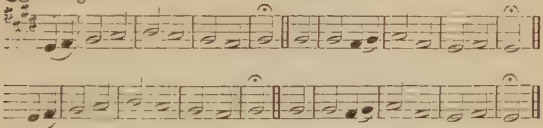
Words by ALICE CARY. Music by OTTO FOX, by per.

**322** 1. Till I learned to love Thy name, Lord, Thy grace denying,
2. Nothing could the world impart, Darkness held no morrow;

I was lost in sin and shame, Dying, dy - ing, dy - ing!
In my soul and in my heart, Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow!

*Faster.*

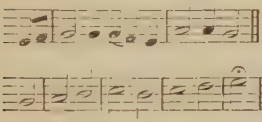


3. When I learned to love Thy name, O Thou meek and lowly,
4. Henceforth shall Creation ring With Salvation's story,

Rapture kindled to a flame, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
Till I rise with Thee to sing, Glo-ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!

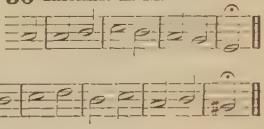
**27** Pilesgrove. L. M.

**28** Refuge. L. M.



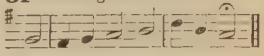
**29** Retreat. L. M.



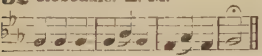
**30** Rheims. L. M.



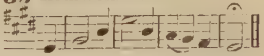
**31** Rockingham. L. M.



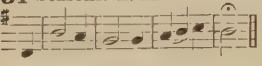
**32** Rosedale. L. M.



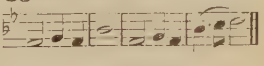
**33** Rothwell. L. M.



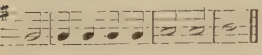
**34** Seasons. L. M.



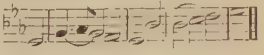
**35** Sessions. L. M.



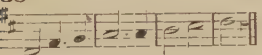
**36** Sterling. L. M.



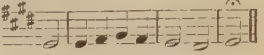
**37** Stonefield. L. M.



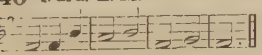
**38** Truro. L. M.



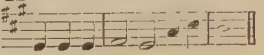
**39** Uxbridge. L. M.



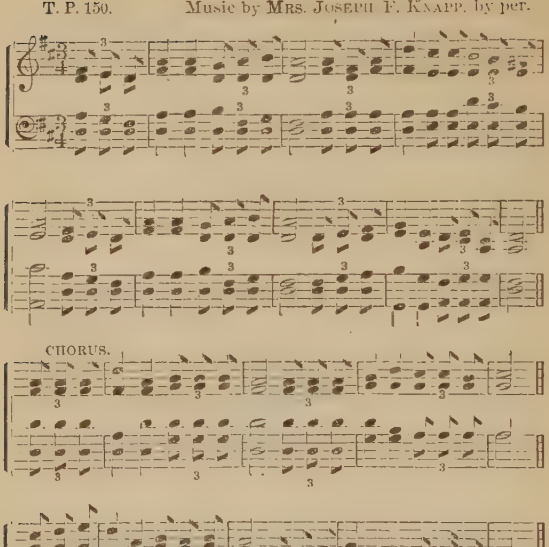
**40** Ward. L. M.



**41** Ware. L. M.



# BLESSED ASSURANCE.

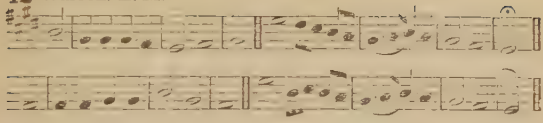
T. P. 150. Music by MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

**323** 1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchased of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHO.—This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

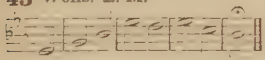
2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.—*Cho*

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.—*Cho.*

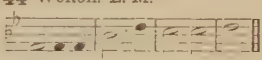
**42** Warren. L. M.



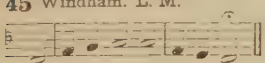
**43** Wells. L. M.



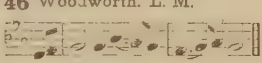
**44** Welton. L. M.



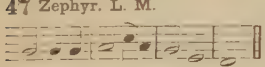
**45** Windham. L. M.



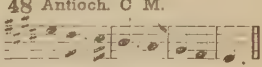
**46** Woodworth. L. M.



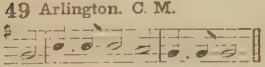
**47** Zephyr. L. M.



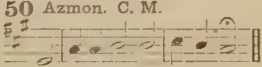
**48** Antioch. C. M.



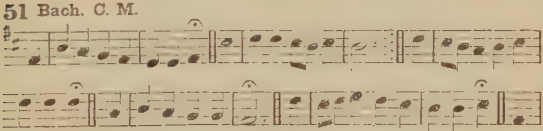
**49** Arlington. C. M.



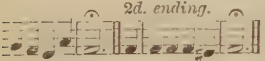
**50** Azmon. C. M.



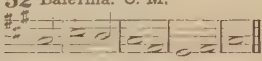
**51** Bach. C. M.



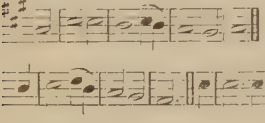
*2d. ending.*



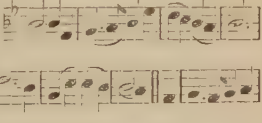
**52** Balerma. C. M.



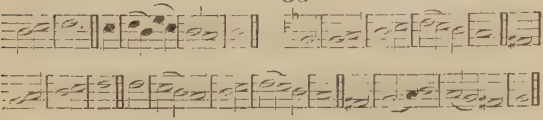
**53** Barby. C. M.



**54** Broomsgrove. C. M.

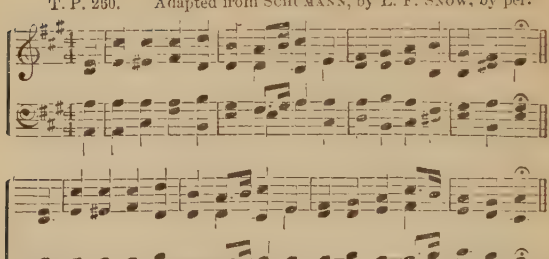


**55** Burford. C. M.



## SUFFICIENCY. L. M.

T. P. 260. Adapted from SCHUMANN, by L. F. SNOW, by per.



**324** 1 *I shall not want:* in deserts wild
Thou spread'st Thy table for Thy child;
While grace in streams for thirsting souls,
Through earth and heaven forever rolls.

2 *I shall not want:* my darkest night
Thy loving smile shall fill with light,
While promises around me bloom,
And cheer me with divine perfume.

3 *I shall not want:* Thy righteousness
My soul shall clothe with glorious dress.
My blood-washed robe shall be more fair
Than garments kings or angels wear.

4 *I shall not want:* whate'er is good
Of daily bread or angel's food
Shall to my Father's child be sure
So long as earth and heaven endure.

---

### THE LORD OF LIFE.

**325** 1 Sun of our Life! Thy wakening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

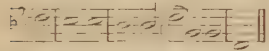
2 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow's arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

3 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love:
Before Thy ever blazing throne
We have no lustre of our own.

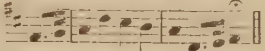
4 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

**56** Cambridge. C. M.

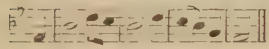
**57** China. C. M.



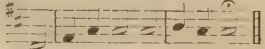
**58** Christmas. C. M.



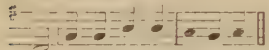
**59** Communion. C. M.



**60** Corinth. C. M.

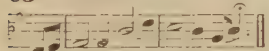


**61** Coronation. C. M.

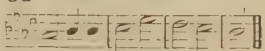


**62** Cowper. C. M.

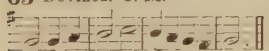
**63** Cross and Crown. C. M.



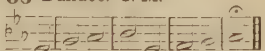
**64** Dedham. C. M.



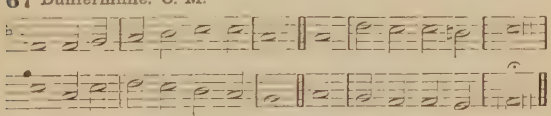
**65** Devizes. C. M.



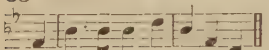
**66** Dundee. C. M.



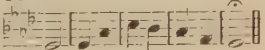
**67** Dunfermline. C. M.



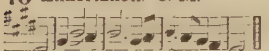
**68** Emmons. C. M.



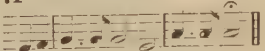
**69** Evan. C M.



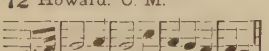
**70** Exhortation. C. M.



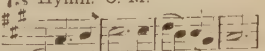
**71** Heber. C. M.

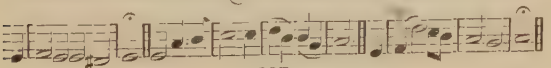


**72** Howard. C. M.



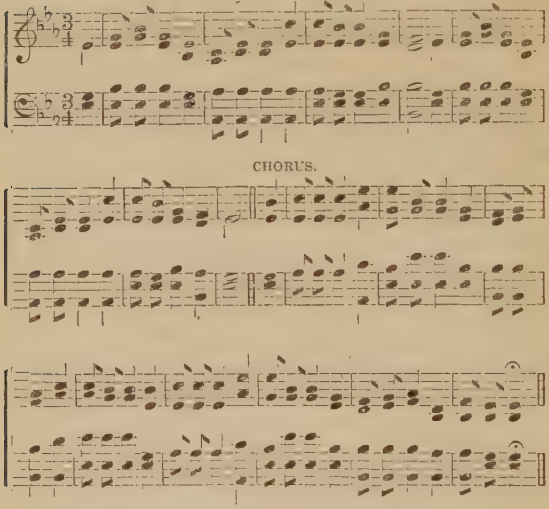
**73** Hymn. C. M.





# THE CLEANSING WAVE.

Words by MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

T. P. 253. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

**326** 1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save
Points to His wounded side.

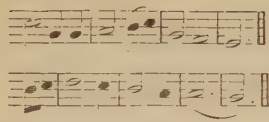
CHO.—The cleansing stream I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me;
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks! 'neath the cleansing flood.—*Cho.*

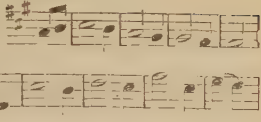
3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthron'd within.—*Cho.*

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.—*Cho.*

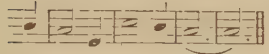
74 Lanesboro. C. M.

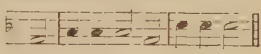


75 Manoah. C. M.

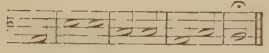


76 Marlow. C. M.

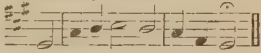




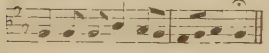
77 Mear. C. M.

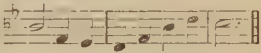


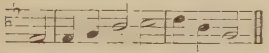
78 Melody. C. M.

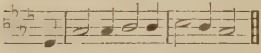


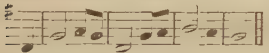
79 Naomi. C. M.



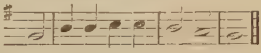
80 Northfield. C. M.

81 Notting Hill. C. M.



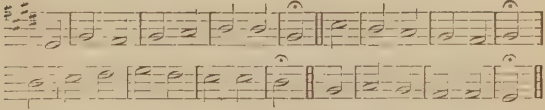
82 Ortonville. C. M.

83 Parsons. C. M.



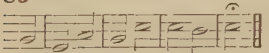
84 Peterboro. C. M.



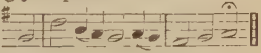
85 Phuvah. C. M.



86 St. Ann. C. M.

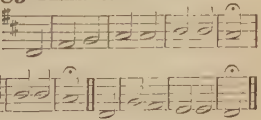


87 Stephens. C. M.

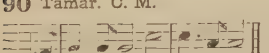


88 St. Martin. C. M.

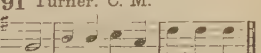
89 Tallis. C. M.



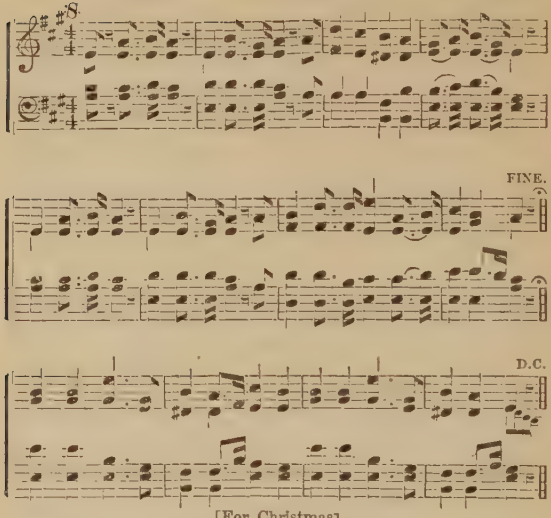
90 Tamar. C. M.



91 Turner. C. M.



# JESUS IS KING.

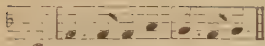
T. P. 192. Arranged by Otto Fox, by per.

[For Christmas]

**327** 1 Jesus is king! sing, gladly sing
The praise of Him who rules in earth and sky!
Let the refrain once and again
Go up from our hearts to His throne on high!
"He is worthy! He is worthy!"
With the holy angels cry!
Cho.—Jesus is king! sing, gladly sing
The praise of Him who rules in earth and sky!
Let the refrain once and again
Go up from our hearts to His throne on high!

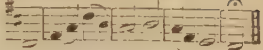
2 He rules in love,—who would not prove
The wonders of His loving tenderness!
When none could save, himself He gave
To rescue the lost from their deep distress.
He is able, He is able
All who trust in Him to bless.—*Cho.*

3 Let us with joy our hands employ
In serving Him who saves us by His might,
Meekly fulfill His holy will,
And each win a crown and a robe of white!
He has promised, He has promised;
We shall reign with Him in light.—*Cho.*

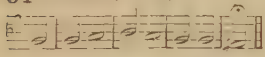
**92** Union. C. M.



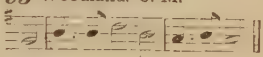
**93** Warwick. C. M.

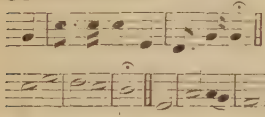


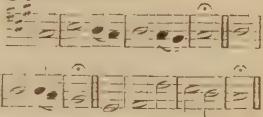
**94** Windsor. C. M.

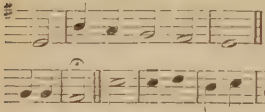


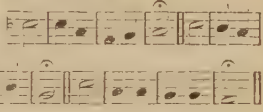
**95** Woodland. C. M.



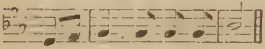
**96** Zerah. C. M.

**97** Athol. S. M.



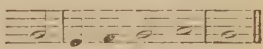
**98** Aylesbury. S. M.

**99** Badea. S. M.



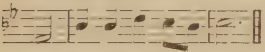
**100** Baker. S. M.



**101** Boylston. S. M.

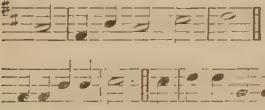


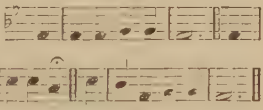
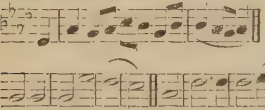
**102** Concord. S. M.

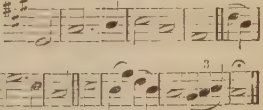


**103** Dennis. S. M.

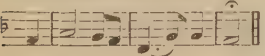
**104** Dover. S. M.



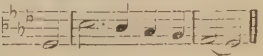
**105** Epsilon. S. M.

**106** Ewer. S. M.

**107** Gabriel. S M.



**108** Golden Hill. S. M.



**109** Haydn. S. M.



**328** T. P. 221.

1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

CHORUS—"Hold the fort, for I am coming;"
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
"By thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.
*Cho.*—"Hold the fort," etc.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.
*Cho.*—"Hold the fort," etc.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
*Cho.*—"Hold the fort," etc.

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**329**

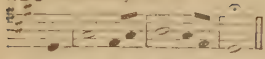
Balerma, 52. T. P. 89.

1 See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

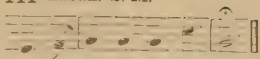
2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

**110** Kentucky. S. M.

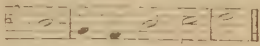


**111** Laban. S. M.



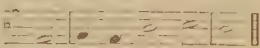
**112** Lebanon. S. M.

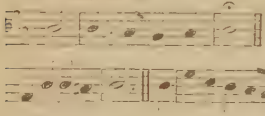
**113** Lisbon. S. M.

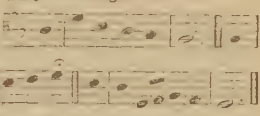


**114** Mornington. S. M.

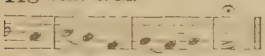
**115** Olmutz. S. M.



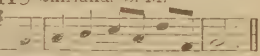
**116** Olney. S. M.

**117** Paddington. S. M.



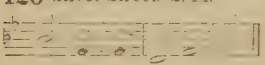
**118** Seir. S. M.



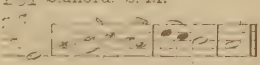
**119** Shirland. S. M.



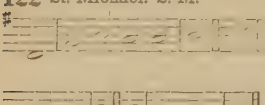
**120** Silver Street. S. M.



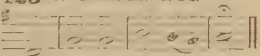
**121** Stafford. S. M.



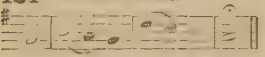
**122** St. Michael. S. M.



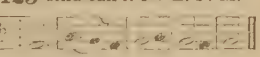
**123** St. Thomas. S. M.



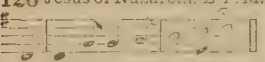
**124** Thatcher. S. M.



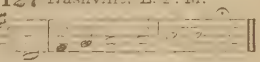
**125** And can it be. L. P. M.



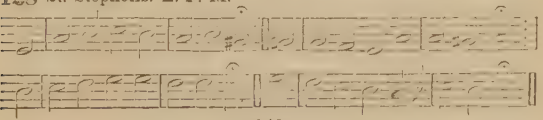
**126** Jesus of Nazareth. L. P. M.



**127** Nashville. L. P. M.

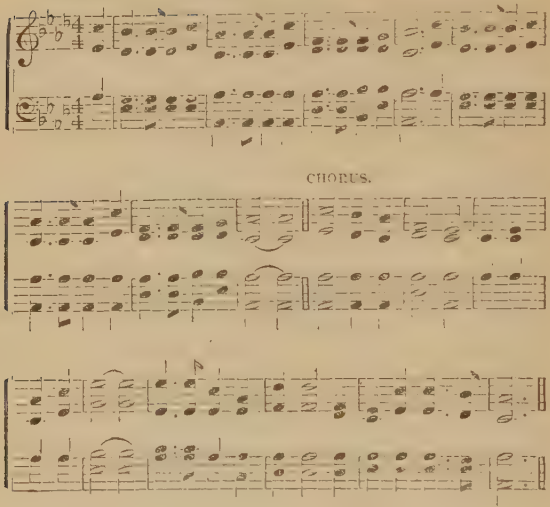


**128** St. Stephens. L. P. M.



# I WOULD BE THINE.

T. P. 247. Music by Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, by per.




**330** 1 I would be Thine; O take my heart,
And fill it with Thy love;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

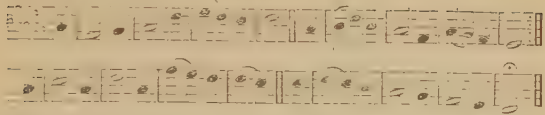
Cho.—Now, Saviour, hear me,
Make me thus thine own,
Hold my hand dear Saviour
And then I'll never roam.

2 I would be Thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.—*Cho.*

3 I would be Thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within:—
Do Thou Thy majesty reveal,
And overcome my sin.—*Cho.*

4 I would be Thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore:
Inspire with faith, infuse Thy grace,
And now my soul restore.—*Cho.*

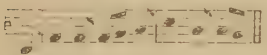
**129** St. Petersburg. L. P. M.



**131** Ariel. C. P. M.

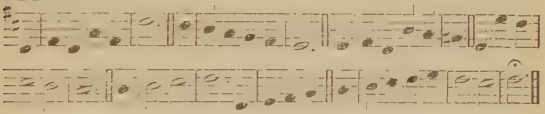
**132** Ganges. C. P. M.

**133** Hope. C. P. M.



**134** Meribah. C. P. M.

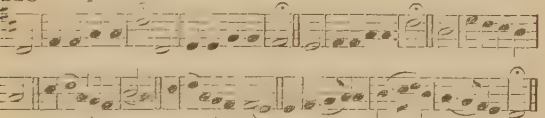
**135** Darwell. H. M.



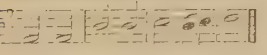
**136** Lenox. H. M.

**137** Lischer. H. M.

**138** Prospect. H. M.



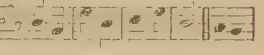
**139** Rosefield. 7s, 6 lines.



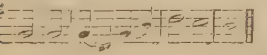
**140** Sabbath Morn. 7s, 6 lines.

**141** Toplady. 7s, 6 lines.

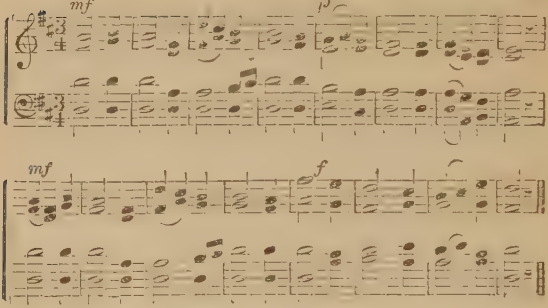
**142** Downes. 7s.



**143** Hendon. 7s.



**144** Horton. 7s

T. P. 211. Arranged for this Work. LAMBILLOTTE.

**331** 1 As the dewy shades of even
Gather o'er the balmy air:
Listen, O Thou God of heaven,
Listen to our humble prayer.

2 May the Spirit near us hover,
Free our thoughts from aught defiled;
And with wings of mercy cover
Every erring, helpless child.

3 God of Heaven! oh, guard and guide me,
Save my soul from dark despair;
In Thy great compassion hide me;
Take me, Father, to Thy care.

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*Protection. Talmar*, 102, T. P., 165.

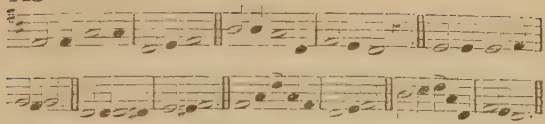
**332** 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

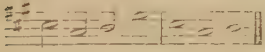
3 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus:
Come, but come not doubting thus,
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.

4 If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

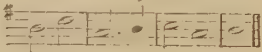
**145** Invocation. 7s.

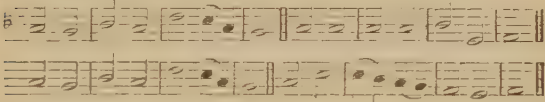


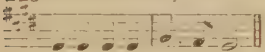
**146** Nuremburg. 7s.



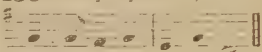
**147** Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.



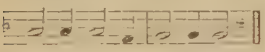
**148** Seymour. 7s.

**149** Benevento. 7s, D.



**150** Litany Hymn. 7s, D.

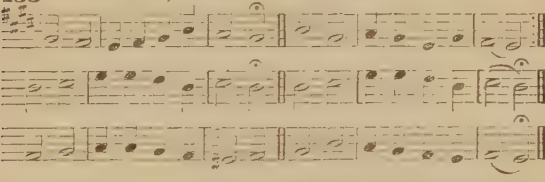


**151** Martyn. 7s, D.

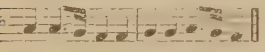


**152** Watchman. 7s, D.

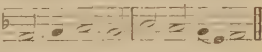
**153** Adoration. 8s, 7s & 4s.



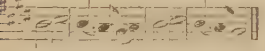
**154** Greenville. 8s, 7s & 4s.



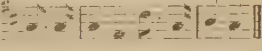
**155** Haydn's Hymn. 8s, 7s & 4.



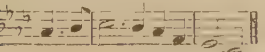
**156** Sicily. 8s, 7s & 4s.



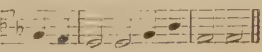
**157** Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.



**158** Autumn. 8s & 7s, D.

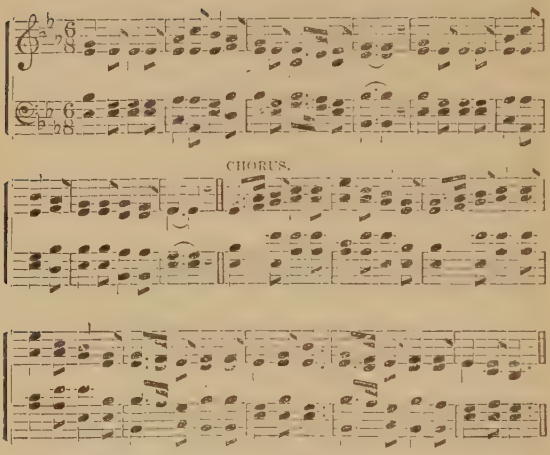


**159** Nettleton. 8s & 7s, D.



# JESUS SAVES.

T. P 182. Music by Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, by per.




**333** 1 Many at the cross are kneeling,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
By His boundless love revealing,
Jesus, Jesus saves.

Cho.—Hallelujah, light is beaming,
Hallelujah, blood is streaming,
Hallelujah, Jesus saves,
Hallelujah, Jesus saves,

2 All the lost and all the lonely,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
O come now believing only,
Jesus, Jesus saves.—*Cho.*

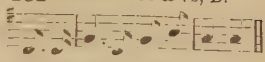
3 Hearts are at this moment proving,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Every sinful stain removing,
Jesus, Jesus saves.—*Cho.*

4 Come with tears your sin confessing,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Seek and find the choicest blessing,
Jesus, Jesus saves.—*Cho.*

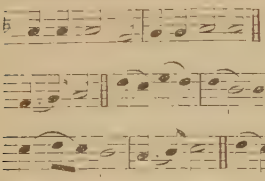
5 Hallelujah, saints are singing,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Heaven with joyous song is ringing,
Jesus, Jesus saves.—*Cho.*

**160** Grant. 8s & 7s, D

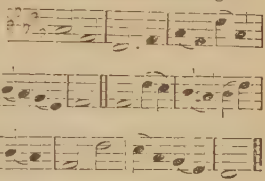
**161** Harwell. 8s & 7s, D.



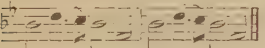
**162** Talmar. 8s & 7s, Single.



**163** Truth. 8s & 7s, Single.



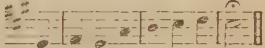
**164** Wilmot. 8s & 7s, Single



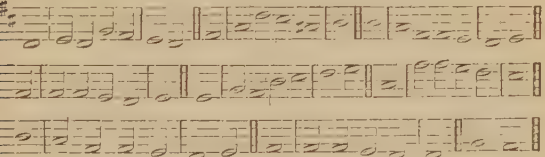
**165** Contrast. 8s.

**166** David. 8s.

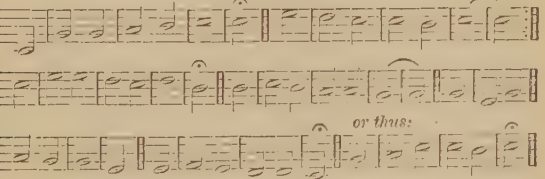
**167** Walmisley. 8s



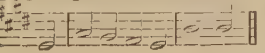
**168** Ewing. 7s & 6s. (Iambic).



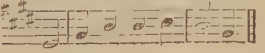
**169** Joy. 7s & 6s. (Iambic).



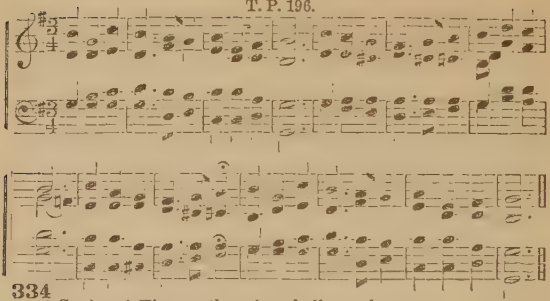

**170** Magdalena 7s & 6s (Iam.)



**171** Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.



## SAVIOUR, THY GENTLE VOICE.

T. P. 196.

334

1 Saviour! Thy gentle voice gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys ever be near;
Our souls would cling to Thee.
Let us Thy fullness see, our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine! Thee we adore;
We would be wholly Thine forevermore;
Freely forgive our sin.
Grant heavenly peace within, Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen, while darkness reigns,
On Thee alone we lean while life remains;
By Thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord in joyful strains.

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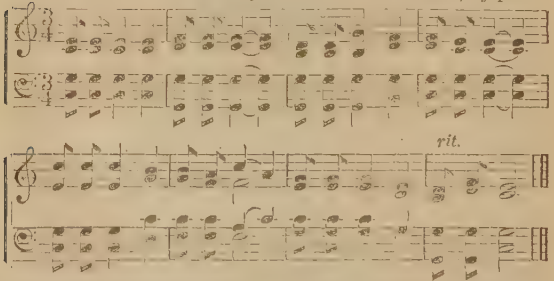
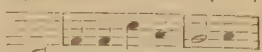
## LOVING JESUS. (SENTENCE.)

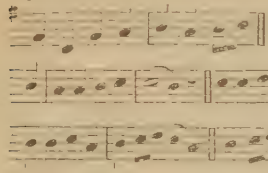
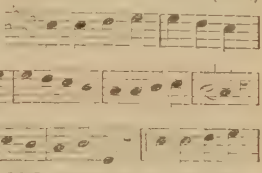
T. P. 197. Music by MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

335 1 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb, In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me Saviour what Thou art. Live Thyself within my heart.

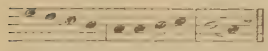
2 I shall then show forth Thy praise; Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see Christ the holy child in me.

**172** Webb. 7s & 6s. (Jam.)

**173** Yarmouth. 7s & 6s. (Jam.)

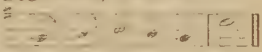


**174** Amsterdam. 7s & 6s. (Tro.)

**175** Beethoven. 7s & 6s. (Tro.)

**176** Penitence. 7s, 6s & 8s.



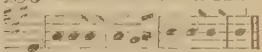
**177** Lyons. 5s & 6s.

**178** Rowley. 6s & 9s.

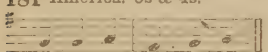


**179** Rapture. 6s & 9s.

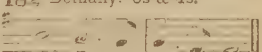
**180** Come let us. 10s & 11s.



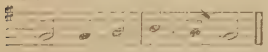
**181** America. 6s & 4s.



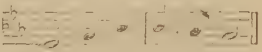
**182** Bethany. 6s & 4s.



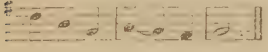
**183** Oak. 6s & 4s.



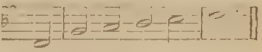
**184** Olivet. 6s & 4s.



**185** Italian Hymn. 6s & 4s.

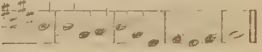


**186** Leoni. 6s, 8s & 4s.

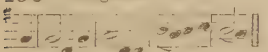


**187** Portland. 6s, 8s & 4s.

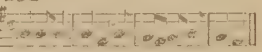
**189** Edinburg. 11s



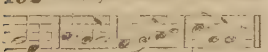
**190** Portuguese. 11s.



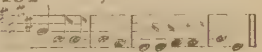
**191** Hanover. 10s & 11s.



**192** Comeye disconsolate. 11s & 10s.

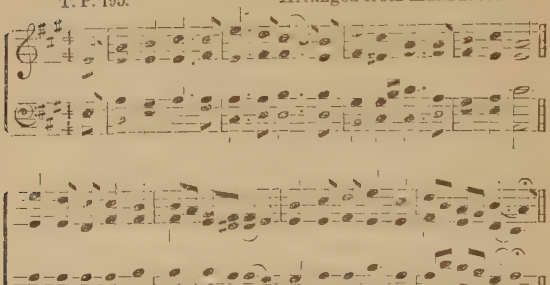


**194** Henley. 11s & 10s.



## CHRIST AT THE DOOR. L. M.

T. P. 195. Arranged from MENDELSSOHN.



**336** 1 Behold a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long—is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Admit Him ere His anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door rejected stand.

---

### VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

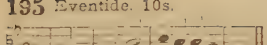
**337** 1 Come Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light,
The dullness of our blinded sight.

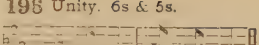
3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes! give peace at home!
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of Both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
Thy praise may be our endless song.

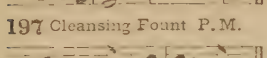
**195** Eventide. 10s.



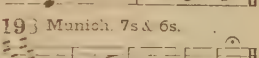
**196** Unity. 6s & 5s.



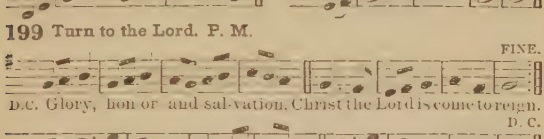
**197** Cleansing Fount P. M.



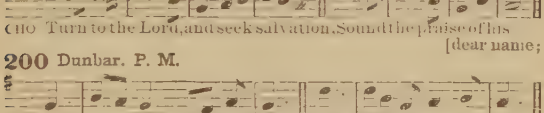
**198** Munich. 7s & 6s.



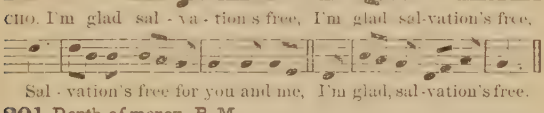
**199** Turn to the Lord. P. M.


FINE.
D.C. Glory, hon or and sal-vation, Christ the Lord is come to reign.
D. C.
CHO Turn to the Lord, and seek sal vation, Sound the praise of his
[dear name;

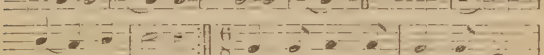
**200** Dunbar. P. M.




**201** Depth of mercy. P. M.

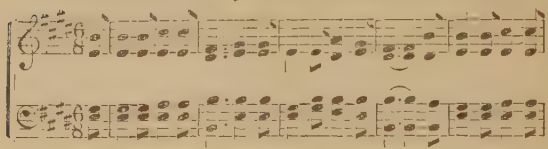
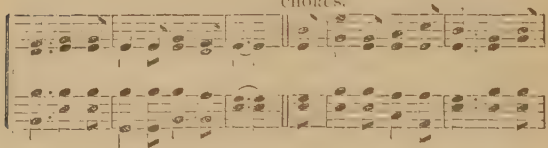


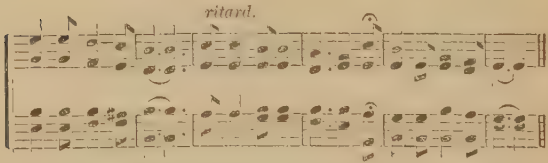

**202** Happy day. L. M.




**203** Alas! and did.

T. P. 194.

Words by MARY D. JAMES. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.




**338** 1 My body, soul and spirit,
Jesus I give to Thee,
A consecrated off'ring,
Thine ever more to be.

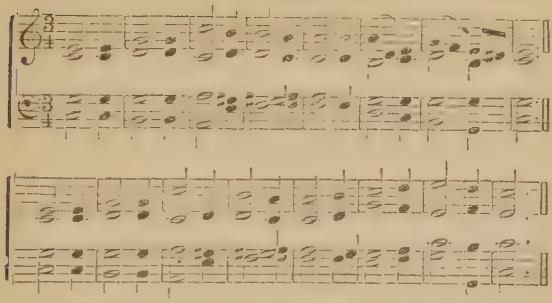
CHO.—My all is on the Altar,
I'm waiting for the fire,
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I'm waiting for the fire.

2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great name,
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim. *Cho.*

3 O let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole. *Cho.*

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy precious blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God. *Cho.*

## ADVENT. 8, 7.

T. P. 271. Arranged for this Work. FLOTOW.

**339** 1 Come, Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

---

### GOD IS LOVE.

**340** 1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

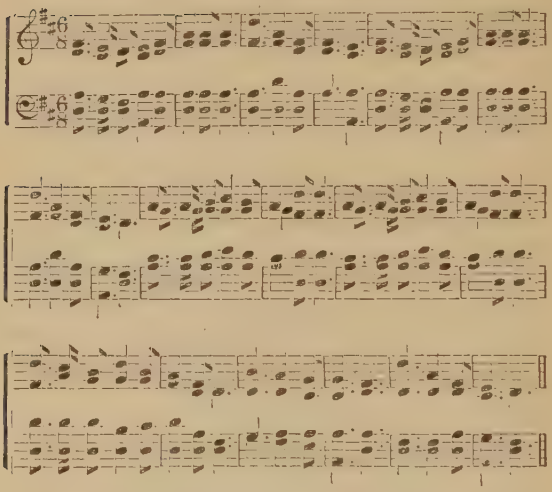
2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

# NEARER THE CROSS.

T. P. 261. Music by Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, by per.



**341** 1 Nearer the cross my heart can say,
I'm coming nearer,
Nearer the cross from day to day,
I'm coming nearer;
Nearer the cross where Jesus died,
Nearer the fountain's crimson tide,
Nearer my Saviour's wounded side,
‖: I'm coming nearer. :‖

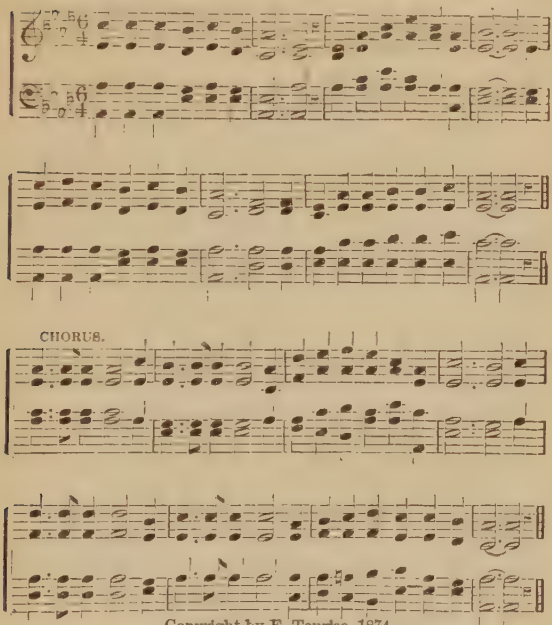
2 Nearer the Christian's mercy seat,
I'm coming nearer,
Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
I'm coming nearer;
Stronger in faith more clear I see
Jesus who gave himself for me,
Nearer to Him I still would be,
‖: Still coming nearer. :‖

3 Nearer in prayer my hope aspires,
I'm coming nearer,
Deeper the love my soul desires,
I'm coming nearer;
Nearer the end of toil and care,
Nearer the joy I long to share,
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear,
‖: I'm coming nearer. :‖

## "'TIS I! BE NOT AFRAID."

T. P. 224

Words by Rev. John Parker. Music by Wm. G. Fischer.




Copyright by E. Tourjee, 1874.

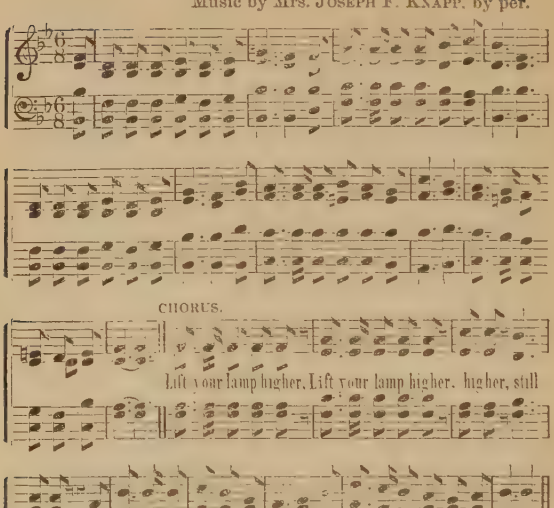
**342** 1 Fear not the gloom of the midnight,
Dread not the storm of the sea;
'Tis I, who am coming to save thee,
'Tis I! art thou trusting in Me?

Cho.—Trusting in Thee, yes, trusting in Thee
I'll doubt Thee no more, my Redeemer.
Yes, trusting in Thee, yes, trusting in Thee,
I'll ever be trusting in Thee.

2 Heed not the wrath of the tempter,
My presence thy shelter shall be;
'Tis I, who am keeping thy spirit,
'Tis I! art thou trusting in Me?—*Cho.*

Fear not the chill of the valley,
For death but a shadow shall be;
My rod and my staff shall support thee,
'Tis I! keep on trusting in Me?—*Cho*

# IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

Music by Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, by per.

CHORUS.
Lift your lamp higher, Lift your lamp higher, higher, still
higher; Then lift your lamp higher, O Christian, Lest I should make fatal delay.

**343** 1 Say, is your lamp burning? O Christian,
I pray you look quickly and see,
For if it were burning, then surely
‖: Some beams would fall brightly on me. :‖ *Cho.*

2 Remember how many around you
Will follow wherever you go;
The thought that they walked in a shadow
‖: Would make your lamp brighter I know. :‖ *Cho.*

3 If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean
‖: A girdle of glory would shine. :‖ *Cho.*

4 How all the dark places would brighten!
The mists would roll up and away!
The earth would laugh out in her gladness
‖: To hail the millennial day! :‖ *Cho.*

**344**

T.P. 260.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, for the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

**345** C. M.

*Arlington, 49:* T.P. 98.

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek;
To those who fall how kind thou art:
How good to those who seek.

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize will be;
Jesus! be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

**346** C. M.

*Marlow, 76:* T.P. 57.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his open'd door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

**347** 8s, 7s.

*Talmar, 162:* T.P. 165.

LISTEN to the gentle promptings
Of the Spirit's warning voice.
Will ye heed his solemn warnings?
Can ye slight his wondrous love?

2 Sweetly calling on the erring,
Pardon 's offer'd without price;
Come, and round the altar kneeling,
O receive the offer'd grace.

**348** C. M.

*Mear, 77:* T.P. 75. *Hymn, 78:* T.P. 80.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravish'd soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art.

**349** 7s, 6s.

*Webb, 172:* T.P. 172. *Joy, 169:* T.P. 176.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve him
Against unnumber'd foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

**350**

*I Need Thee Every Hour*, T.P. 258.

I NEED thee every hour, Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine Can peace afford.
REF.—I need thee, O! I need thee; Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to thee.

2 I need thee every hour; Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power When thou art nigh.—*Ref.*

3 I need thee every hour, In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.—*Ref.*

4 I need thee every hour; Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises In me fulfil.—*Ref.*

5 I need thee every hour, Most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.—*Ref.*

**351** 8s, 7s.

*Mount Vernon*, T.P 166. *Talmar, 162:* T.P. 165.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dang'rous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink from rivers of thy grace.

**352** C. M.

*Antioch, 48:* T. P. 96.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ:
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

**353** 8s, 7s.

*Mount Vernon,* T. P. 196.

ONE sweet flower has droop'd and faded,
One sweet infant's voice has fled;
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One sweet darling now is dead.

2 It is now where harps are ringing
Through the heavenly courts above;
And its silvery voice is singing,
With glad spirits, hymns of love.

3 It is gone to heaven before us,
But it turns and waves its hand;
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit-land.

**354** L. M.

"*I'm Going Home,*" T. P. 230.

MY heav'nly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain nor death can enter there:
Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine;
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

CHO.—I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more.
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home, to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.—*Cho.*

3 While here a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heav'nly mansion is secure.—*Cho.*

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.—*Cho.*

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
All nature sink, and cease to be:
That heavenly mansion stands for me.—*Cho.*

**355** S. M.

*Stafford*, T.P. 122. *Lisbon, 113:* T.P. 125.

O WHAT delight is this,
Which now in Christ we know,—
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heaven begun below!

2 When He the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer;
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

3 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransom'd sons of men,
With all his hosts, adore.

4 Let earth and heaven be join'd,
His glories to display,
And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day.

**356** C. M.

*Exhortation, 70:* T.P. 68. *Cambridge, 56.* T.P. 66.

THE King of Heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
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